

JANUARY

1941

BIG SHOT COMICS

No. 9

10c

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!

IN THIS ISSUE:



JOE PALOOKA



MARVELO



ROCKY RYAN

THE ABOVE
FAVORITES
AND
MANY OTHERS!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!

The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN



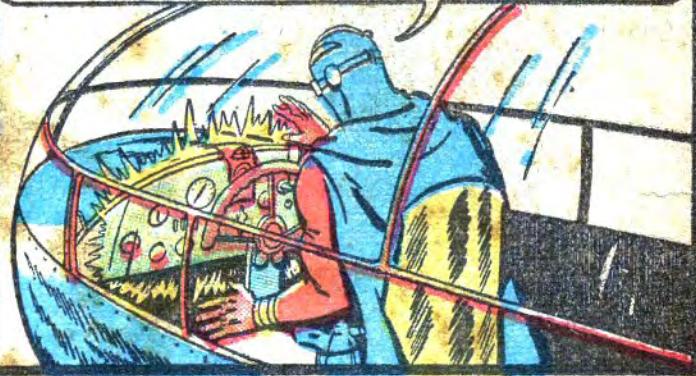
ACROSS THE AIRWAYS OF AMERICA, RACES THE STRANGE FIGURE OF THE SKYMAN, IN HIS ULTRA-FLEET PLANE, THE WING--MAN OF DARING, BRILLIANT SCIENTIST AND FOE OF CRIME AND CRIMINALS--HE FIGHTS ALWAYS, FOR THOSE ALLIED IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE---

THE WING ROARS HIGH OVER THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS---



INSIDE THE ROOMY CABIN--

THE CONTROLS! THEY'RE HOT! GLOWING WITH HEAT--! THEY'LL WARP-- UNLESS I PULL OUT OF MY LINE OF TRAVEL!

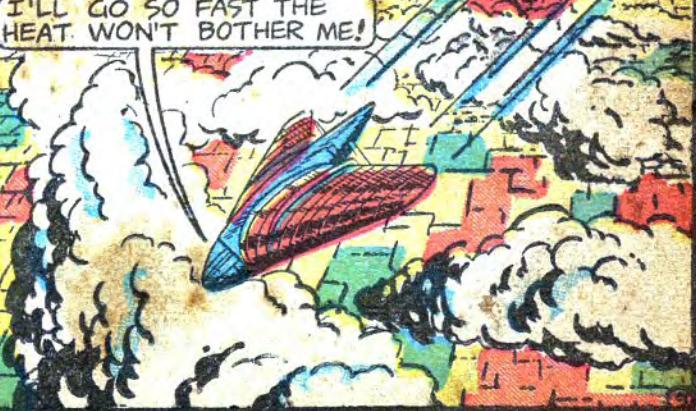


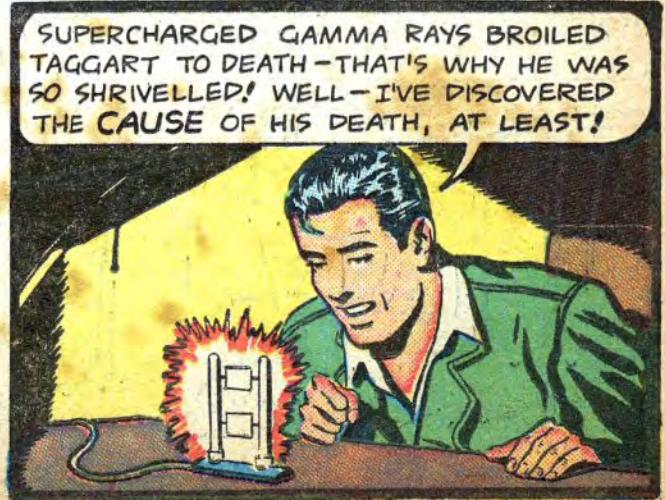
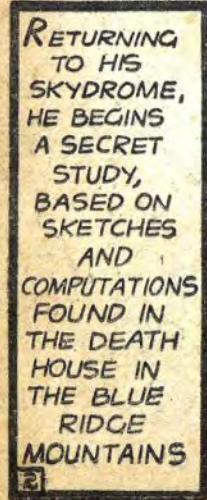
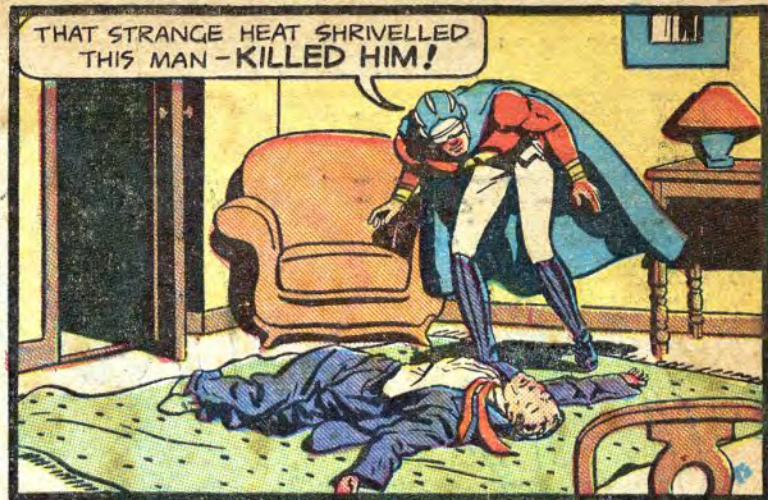
IT TOOK A THOUSAND FOOT CLIMB TO ESCAPE THAT TERRIBLE HEAT--WHATEVER IT WAS! AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT!



THE WING DIVES EARTHWARD AT 600 MILES AN HOUR--

I'LL GO SO FAST THE HEAT WON'T BOTHER ME!

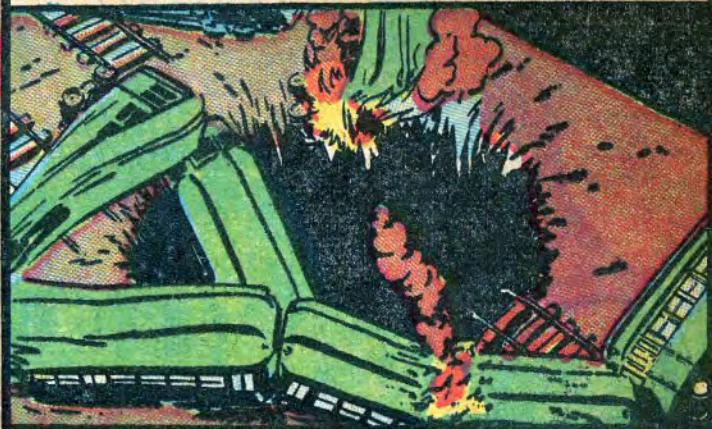




MEANWHILE, A NEW YORK SUBWAY TRAIN, SPEEDS UPTOWN ---

IT PLUNCES INTO A MASS OF SMOKING RUINS - WRECKED BY JUMPING THE RAILS --

GOOD HEAVENS! A GIGANTIC HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SUBWAY - I CAN NOT STOP THE TRAIN --- YA-AH!



IN THE REAR CAR, FAWN CARROLL ESCAPES DEATH

I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE IN THIS CATASTROPHE! IF ONLY THE SKYMAN KNEW OF THIS! HE'D DO SOMETHING ---



A BEGRIMED FIGURE STARTLES A STATION MASTER ---

WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE POWER'S GONE DEAD! ALL TRAINS ARE STOPPED!

GOOD THING, TOO! SOMETHING CAUSED A HUGIE HOLE TO APPEAR IN THE SUBWAY - DERAILED A TRAIN! HUNDREDS DEAD!



A RADIO ANNOUNCER CONFIRMS FAWN'S STORY -

IVE COMPLETED TAGGART'S INVENTION MYSELF NOW - WHAT'S THAT?

WE INTERRUPT THE BROADCAST TO ANNOUNCE A SUBWAY TRAGEDY, IN WHICH HUNDREDS OF LIVES WERE LOST ---

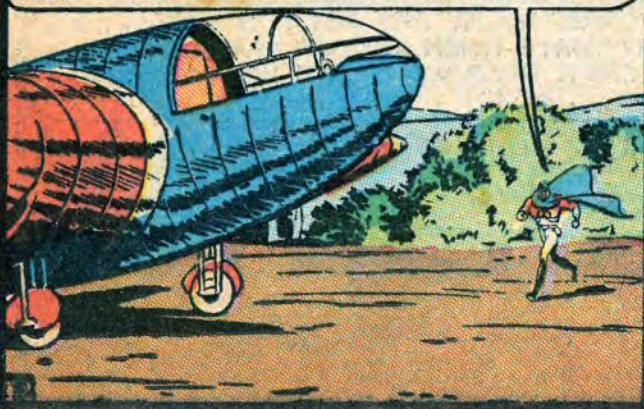


THIS CALLS FOR THE SKYMAN!

-- HUGE HOLE APPEARED IN THE TUNNEL WALLS AND THE DESTROYED TRACKS DERAILED THE TRAIN! ONLY SURVIVOR IS FAWN CARROLL!



FAWN CARROLL! SHE MANAGES TO BE IN ON ALL THE EXCITEMENT! I'LL DROP OVER FOR HER - THEN GO AFTER THESE KILLERS!



IN THE MIDST OF TRAFFIC, A POWERFUL FIGURE DROPS DOWN AND CARRIES FAWN AWAY -



YOU WONDERED HOW THAT HOLE GAME IN THE SUBWAY? WELL—I KNOW, AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

WHAT A MAN! IS THERE ANYTHING YOU DON'T KNOW?



I FOUND ENOUGH PLANS TO MAKE A BORER SIMILAR TO TAGGART'S! THIS IS A MODEL! ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND OUT WHO WANTED TO HARM THE SUBWAY CONCERN!

MAYBE I CAN HELP THERE!



THEN BEWARE! I'LL GET MY REVENGE FROM YOU—DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT!

WE'VE ALREADY PAID YOU! NOW YOU WANT TO CHARGE US MORE AND MORE—YOU'RE A HIGHWAY ROBBER!



WHY WILL YOU NOT LET ME SEE THIS SKYDROME? I'LL NEVER TELL ABOUT IT!

IF ANYONE EVER DISCOVERS YOU KNOW ME—SEVERAL CRIMINALS WON'T HESITATE AT TRYING TO FIND OUT WHERE I HIDE OUT—IF YOU DON'T KNOW—IT'LL PROTECT YOU!



ELBERT TAGGART INVENTED A BORER—that'll dig holes underground! HE INTENDED IT TO HELP MANKIND DIG TUNNELS AND MINES—but HE WAS KILLED, AND IT WAS STOLEN FROM HIM!

YOU SURE GET AROUND DON'T YOU?



FAWN TELLS HER STORY ABOUT A CORPORATION MEETING OF THE SUBWAY CONCERN—

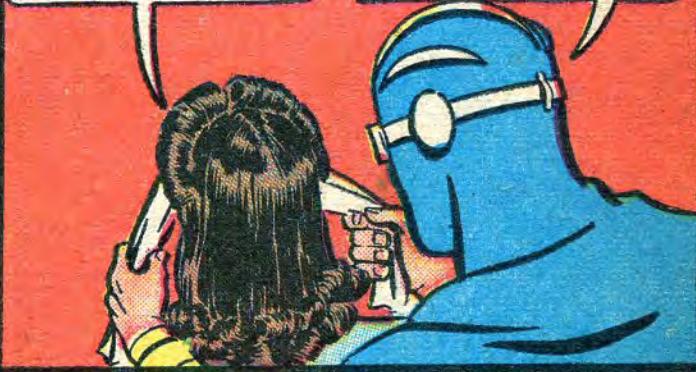
YOU WON'T GIVE ME MY DEMANDS FOR THAT INVENTION I TURNED OVER TO YOU?

NO!



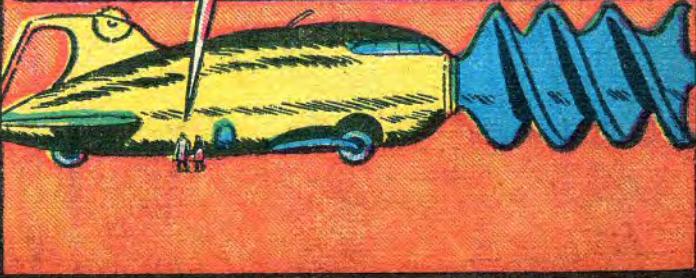
SO HANNERS LEFT THE CONCERN SWEARING VENGEANCE—AND I GUESS HE GOT IT!

MAYBE, MAYBE! I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU TO THE SKYDROME—SO I MUST BLINDFOLD YOU!



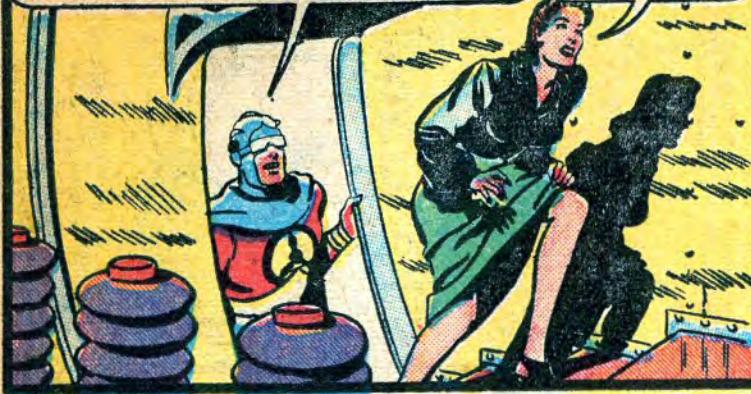
INSIDE A VACANT HANGAR OF THE SKYDROME, REPOSES A BORER, SIMILAR TO THE ONE BUILT BY TAGGART—

I WORKED NIGHT AND DAY FOR WEEKS TO BUILD THAT! WHEN I FOUND TAGGART DEAD, I KNEW A THIEF WOULD USE HIS BORER AGAINST HUMANITY!

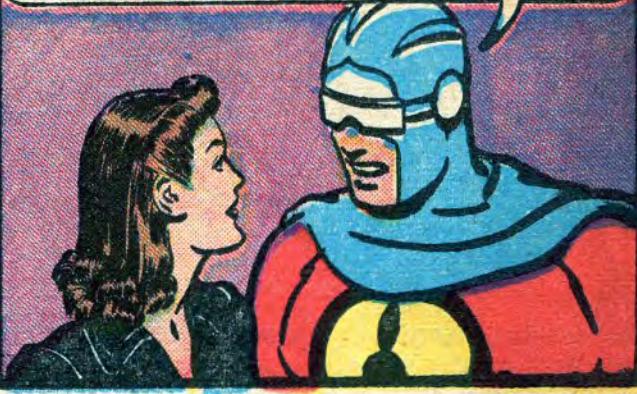


IT WORKS BY ATOMIC ENERGY-EXPLOSION OF URANIUM ATOMS, BY GAMMA RAYS DISCHARGED BY ELECTRONIC TUBES - WANT TO SEE IT WORK?

YES - BUT HOW WILL THIS HELP YOU GET HANNERS?

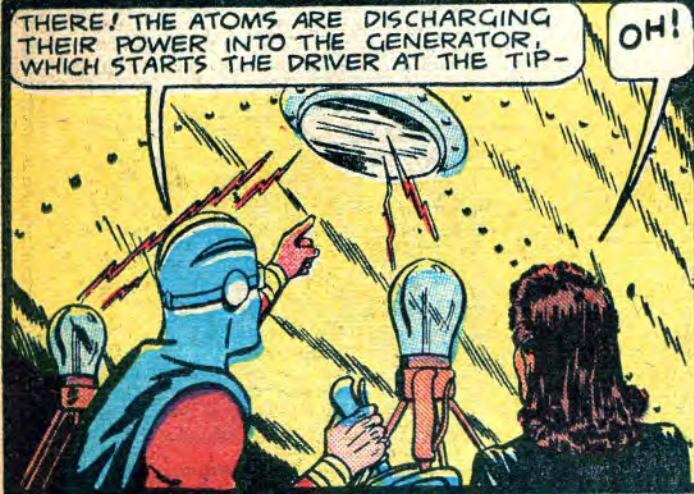


I CAN GO AFTER HANNERS IN THIS - AFTER I LOCATE HIM! AND THEN I'LL TURN IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT, FOR USE IN BUILDING SUBWAYS OR TUNNELS!



THERE! THE ATOMS ARE DISCHARGING THEIR POWER INTO THE GENERATOR, WHICH STARTS THE DRIVER AT THE TIP-

OH!



THE BORER LURCHES SUDDENLY - AND DIGS INTO THE GROUND---

THE BORER - IT'S GOING UNDERGROUND!

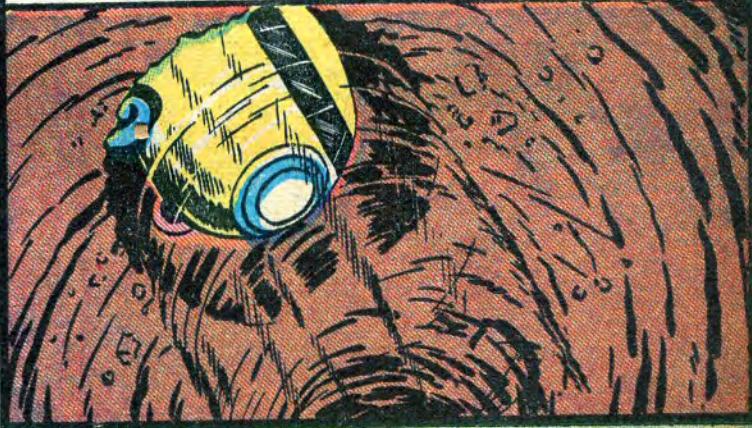
OH - WHAT CAN WE DO?



IT STARTED WHEN I THREW ON THE CURRENT! WE'LL TURN IT AROUND AND -- LISTEN!



THE SKYMAN HEARS THE DRILL WHIRRING ABOUT IN SPACE---



THE DRILL IS WHIRLING IN AIR - THAT MEANS WE'VE CUT ACROSS THE TUNNEL OF TAGGART'S BORER - AND HE'S HEADING FOR THE SUBWAY'S POWER PLANTS, NEAR HERE!



HE'S GOING TO PLANT UNDERGROUND BOMBS! - ONLY HOPE WE'RE IN TIME TO STOP HIM!



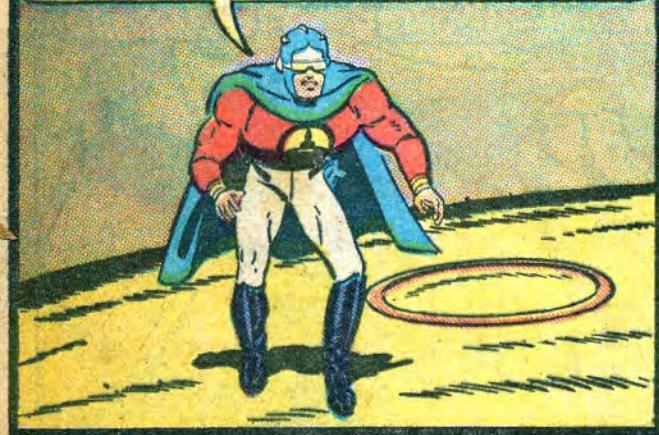
THE SKYMAN'S BORER MAKES SWIFT TIME, IN
THE TUNNEL ALREADY DUG FOR IT!



THAT SOUND OF METAL SCRAPING AGAINST
METAL! WE'VE REACHED THE OTHER BORER!

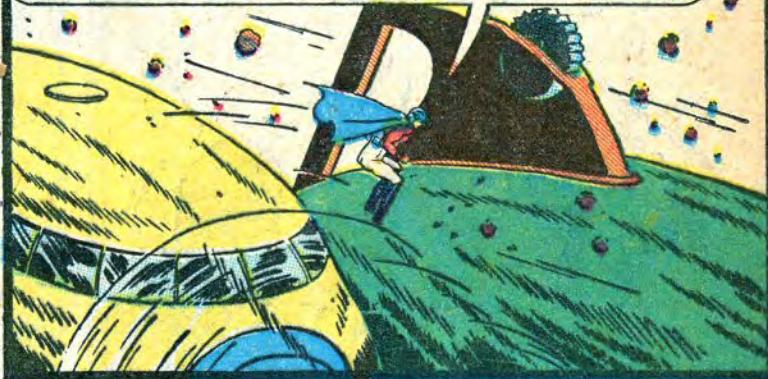


I'VE GOT TO GET IN THERE BEFORE THEY
GET SET TO PLANT THOSE BOMBS!



IN THE FACE OF FLYING DIRT AND ROCK, THE
SKYMAN LEAPS---

I'D RATHER BE IN THE WING - IN GOOD, CLEAN
AIR - THAN UNDER HERE, SWALLOWING DIRT!



PHEW! THIS DIRT IS AWFUL! I'LL HAVE TO STEP
ON IT-OR IT'LL DRIVE ME OFF-AND INTO
THE DRILL OF MY OWN BORER!



A HAND SLIPS - THE FLYING DIRT
FORCES HIM BACKWARDS --

IF I FALL INTO MY DRILL - I'LL BE
CHOPPED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!



IN THE TAGGART BORER ---

DO YOU HEAR THAT? A
DRILL-FOLLOWING US?

YEAH! STOP
THE BORER
AND LISTEN!



THE BORER STOPS - THE SKYMAN TOPPLES FOR
THE WHIRLING DRILL OF HIS MACHINE ---

THIS - IS
THE END!



BUT FAWN, DRIVING THE BORER - HEARS HER DRILL BITE INTO METAL - AND STOPS HER ENGINES

I GUESS THE SKYMAN REACHED THE BORER - IT HAS SUDDENLY STOPPED!

THE SKYMAN CLINGS TO A SHARP DRILL-EDGE, THAT IF IT HAD BEEN MOVING - WOULD HAVE SLICED HIM IN TWO---

BOY - WAS THAT CLOSE!

UNIMPEDED BY THE FLOW OF DIRT AND ROCKS, HE REACHES THE DOOR OF THE OTHER BORER ---

SOMEBODY'S GOING TO BE SURPRISED!

GREETINGS FOLKS!

WHAT TH-

WHO'S HE?

I'VE NEVER FOUGHT SO FAR UNDERGROUND ---

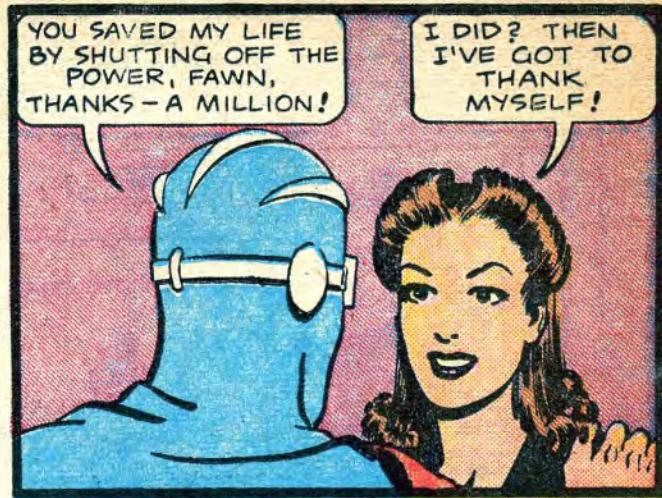
-- BUT I GUESS IT'S JUST ABOUT THE SAME!

SPEAK! WHERE'S HANNERS? WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT HERE - ?

DON'T HIT ME AGAIN - I'LL TELL!

HANNERS BUILT TWO MORE OF THESE BORERS, FROM PLANS HE STOLE FROM TAGGART! WE WERE GOING AFTER THE POWER PLANT TO DESTROY IT -

AND MAKE MORE TROUBLE FOR THE SUBWAY THAT WOULDN'T STAND FOR HANNERS' ROBBING TACTICS!



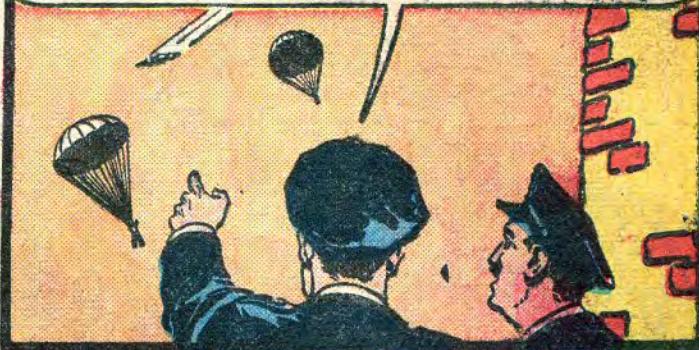
DRIVING THE BORER BACK TO THE SKYDROME,
THE SKYMAN PREPARES FOR THE CLIMAX--

THE MEN ON THE WING - ALL WE HAVE DO IS
DROP 'EM OFF - THEN GO AFTER THE OTHERS!



PARACHUTES CARRY THE WOULD-BE POWER
PLANT EXPLORERS TO JUSTICE

HERE COME A COUPLE MORE CROOKS - AND
THERE GOES THE SKYMAN! WHAT A GUY!



WHEN WE'RE OVER THE SPOT WHERE THAT
ATOMIC-DRIVE BORER IS - THE ELECTRON
TUBE WILL GLOW - AND THE METAL
PLATE TURN RED!

I'LL
WATCH
IT!



AN HOUR LATER - OVER SUBURBAN NEW JERSEY -
LOOK! LOOK! THE TUBE GLOWS! THE BORER
- IS SOMEWHERE BENEATH US!



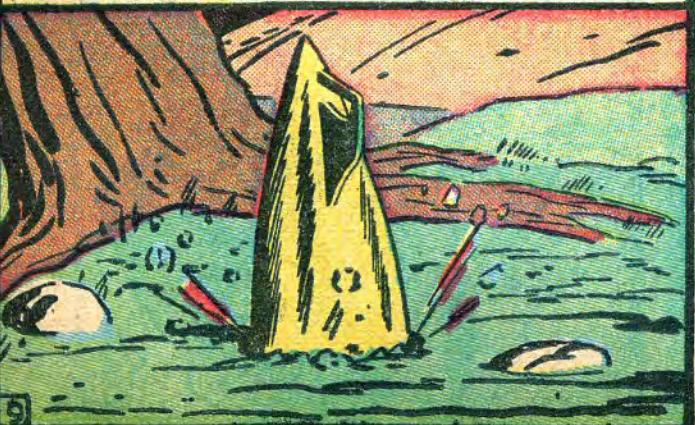
THIS MODEL BORER IS FITTED WITH T.N.T.
WHEN I RELEASE IT - IT'LL DIG UNTIL IT
MEETS THE BIG BORER - THEN - BLAM!



I'M OVER THE SPOT -
LET 'ER GO, SKYMAN!



THE BORER HITS EARTH AND
STARTS TO DIG FURIOUSLY ---



AN INSTANT LATER, THERE IS A MUFFLED
UNDERGROUND EXPLOSION--

THAT'S THE LAST OF
THAT BORER!



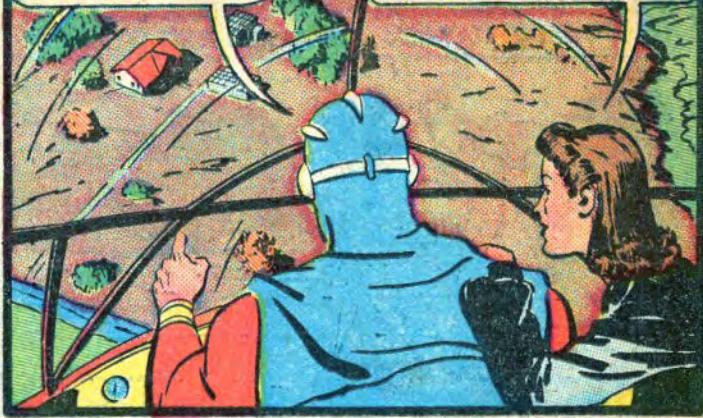
WE KNOW WHERE TO GO TO GET HANNERS! THOSE MEN WE CAPTURED TOLD US WE'D LOCATE HIM AT HIS LABORATORY!

I HOPE THE THIRD AND LAST BORER IS THERE!



LOOK - THERE'S THE PLACE!

AND HOW DO YOU INTEND TO "GET" HIM?



HOW! BY DIRECT ATTACK, OF COURSE! THAT ALWAYS SUCCEEDS!

I HOPE SO!



IN THE HANNERS' WORKSHOPS --

WE'RE WINNING! WHEN THOSE TWO BORERS I DISPATCHED, WRECK THEIR POWER PLANTS - THEY'LL TALK TURKEY! I'LL GET ALL I WANT FROM THE SUBWAY COMPANIES!



THIS IS A GREAT THING YOU GOT IN THIS BORER-

IT IS AND I INTEND -WHAT TH-



THROUGH THE GLASS ROOF HURLETS A FLYING FIGURE --



THE SKYMAN, GENTLEMEN! AT YOUR SERVICE!

OW!

OUCH!



YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, HANNERS!

OH NO? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



AS HE FLEES, HANNERS PULLS A LEVER-

I'LL BAKE HIM - AS I
BAKED TAGGART!



BUT THE SKYMAN - A SCIENTIFIC WIZARD -
SEES THE DANGER SIGNAL - - -

ELECTRONIC TUBES - DISCHARGE
TERRIFIC HEAT RAY - BURN MAN ALIVE!



HE MEETS THE GAMMA RAYS, WITH THE
RAY FROM HIS STASIMATIC - - -

THAT OUGHT TO HOLD THE HEAT
RAY LONG ENOUGH - - -



--FOR ME TO
GET HANNERS!

NO!
NO!



I KNOW YOU KILLED TAGGART, AFTER
FOOLING HIM INTO TALKING ABOUT ELECTRON
TUBES! YOU SET UP YOUR APPARATUS
AND THREW HIM INTO IT! YOU STOLE
HIS BORER - AND USED IT TO GET REVENGE
ON THE SUBWAY COMPANY!



LATER - IN THE WING, HOMeward BOUND WITH
HIS CAPTIVE - - -

BUT HOW CAN YOU
BE SO SURE IT WAS
SANDY HANNERS!



BOYS! GIRLS! WRITE IN TO THE **SKYMAN**!
HE'S MORE THAN ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM YOU - SO
TELL HIM HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY READING HIS
ADVENTURES, WHAT IS IT THAT YOU PARTICULARLY
LIKE ABOUT HIM, AND SUGGEST NEW AND UNUSUAL
THINGS FOR HIM TO DO! REMEMBER, THE **SKYMAN**
IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS FANS!

address
your
letters
to -

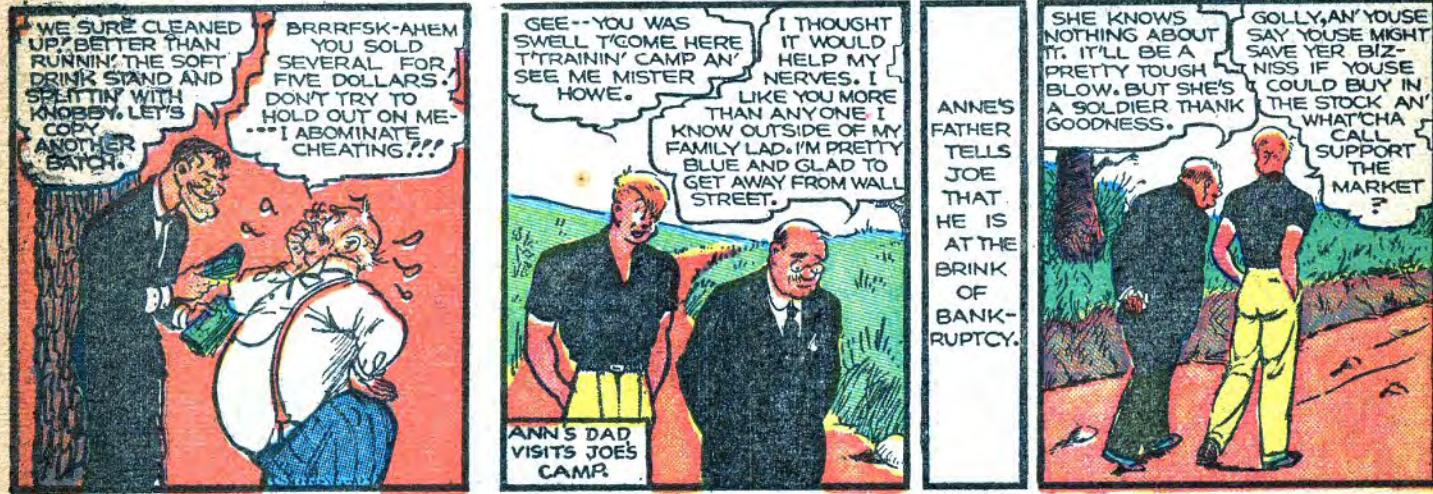
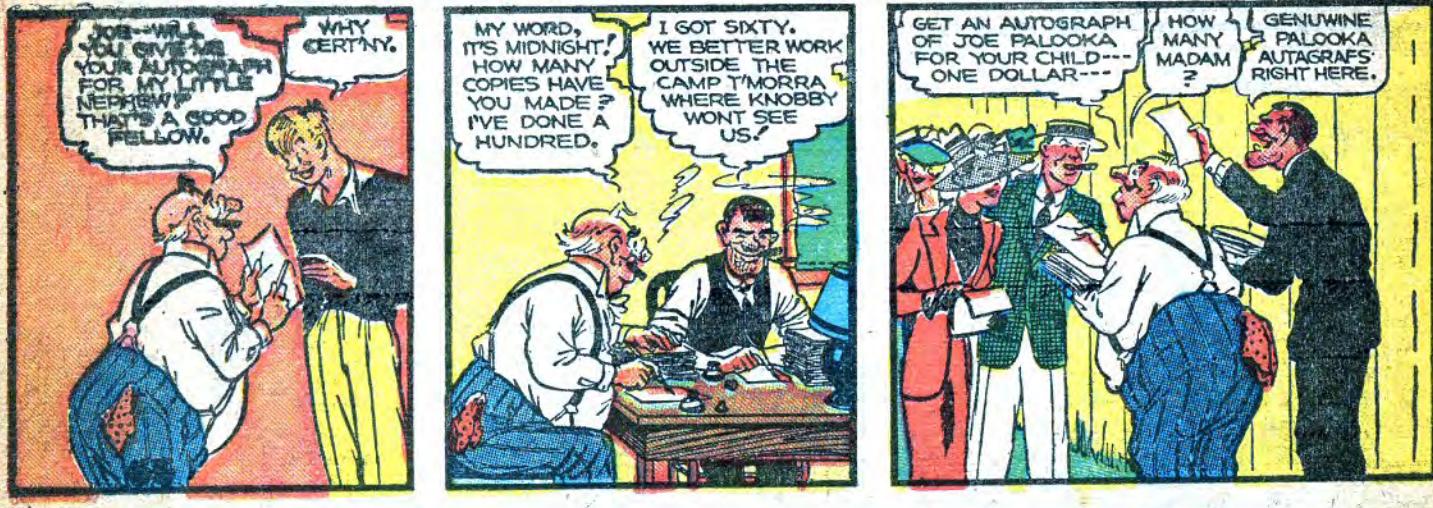
THE SKYMAN
COLUMBIA COMIC CORP.,
369 LEXINGTON AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

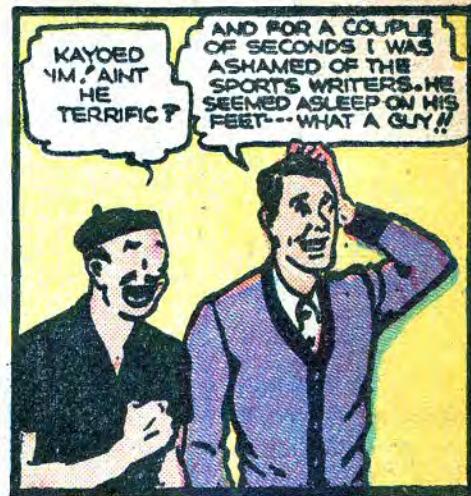
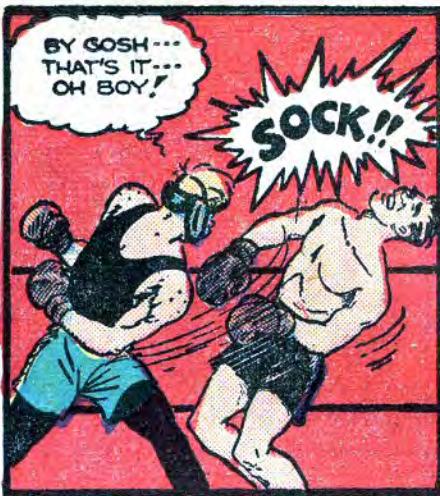


JOE PALOOKA

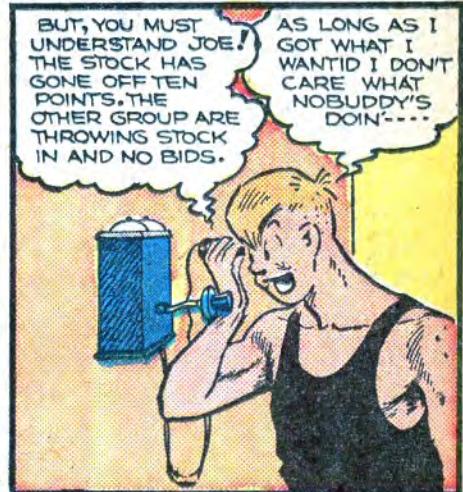
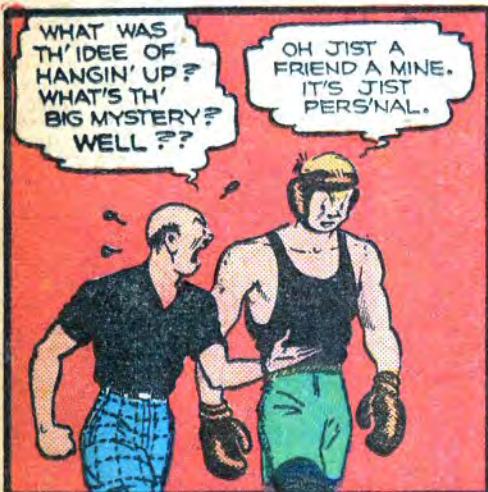
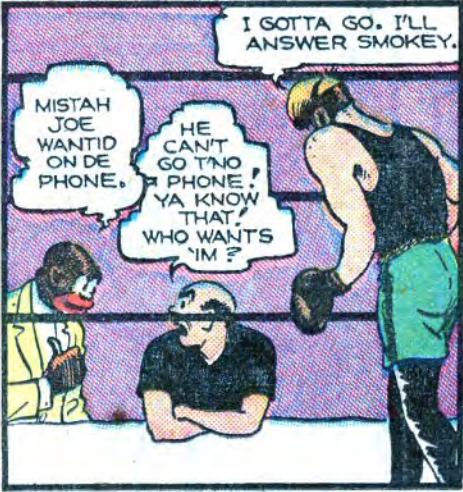
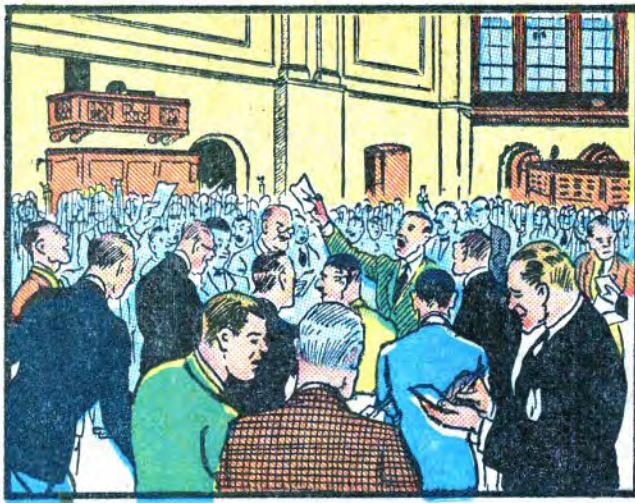
By HAM FISHER

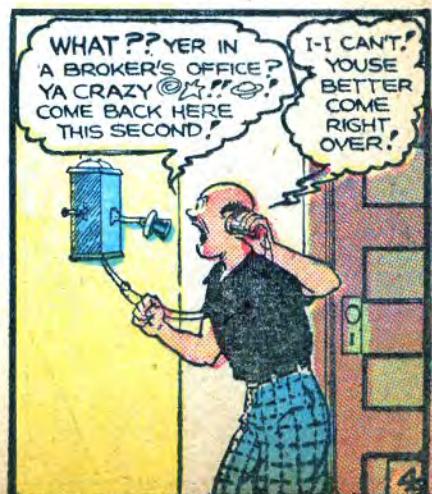
JOE IS TRAINING FOR HIS FIGHT
WITH BUDDY PETERS, THE AUSTRALIAN
CHAMPION... MANY STRANGERS
VISIT HIS CAMP, INCLUDING ONE
"CONGRESSMAN" WEIDEBOTTOM, WHO
IS APPROACHING JOE....

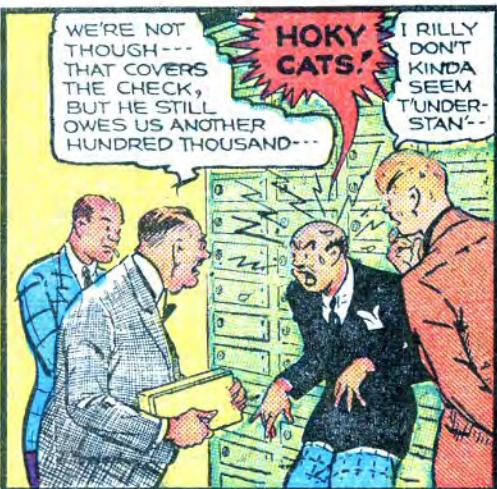
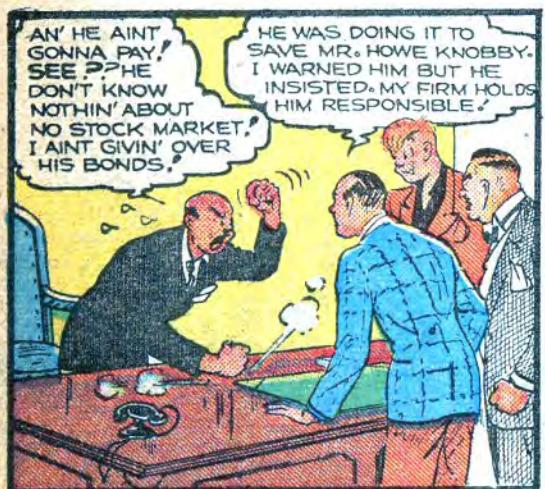
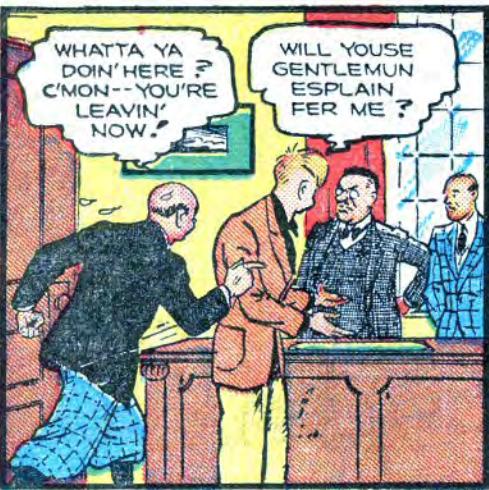




A SUDDEN WAVE OF BUYING SETS THE STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR IN A FLURRY OF EXCITEMENT. MEMBERS RUSH TO A POST WHERE A MAD SCRAMBLE OF SELLING OF HOWE CHEESE SHARES IS TAKING PLACE. AND STILL PAUL'S PARTNER BIDS FOR MORE AT A PRICE OF 100%.

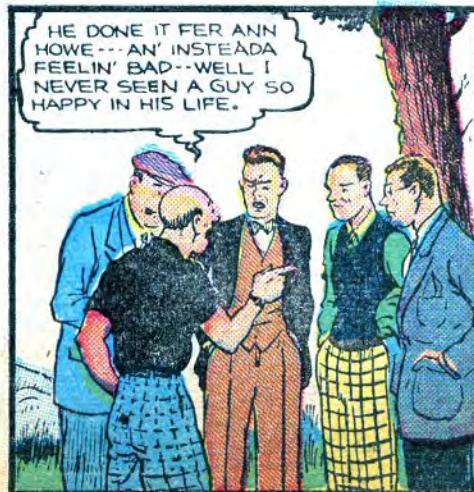
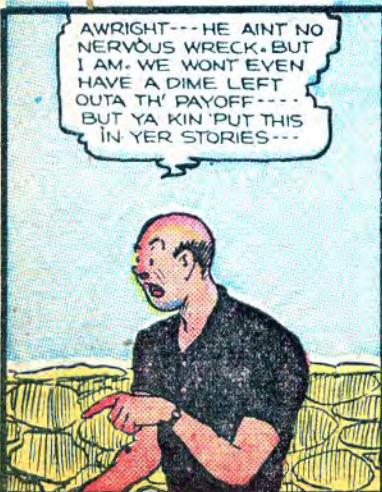
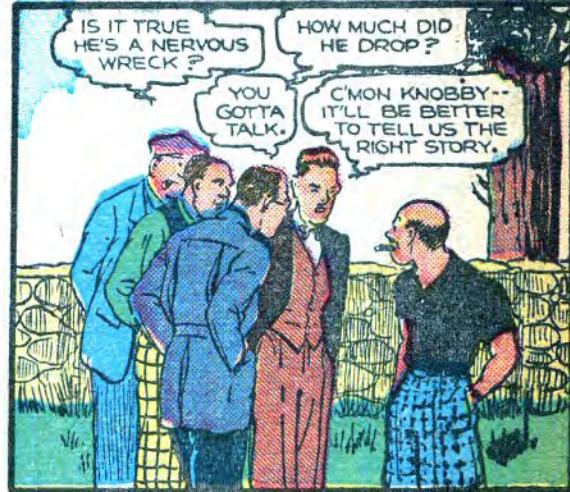
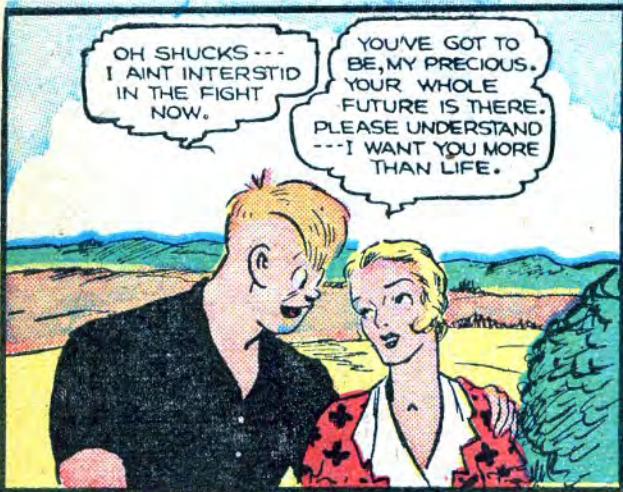
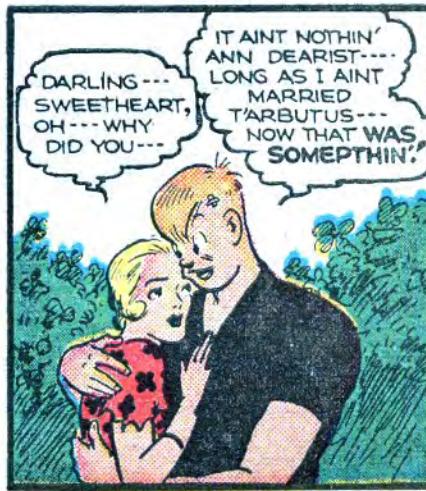
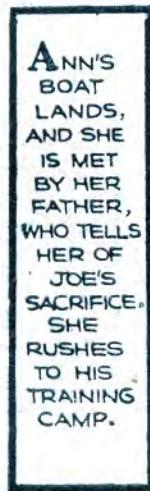






LAWYERS ARE CALLED IN AND KNOBBY AND JOE SIGN OVER THEIR END OF THE FIGHT PROCEEDS, AND LEAVE THE BROKER'S OFFICE.



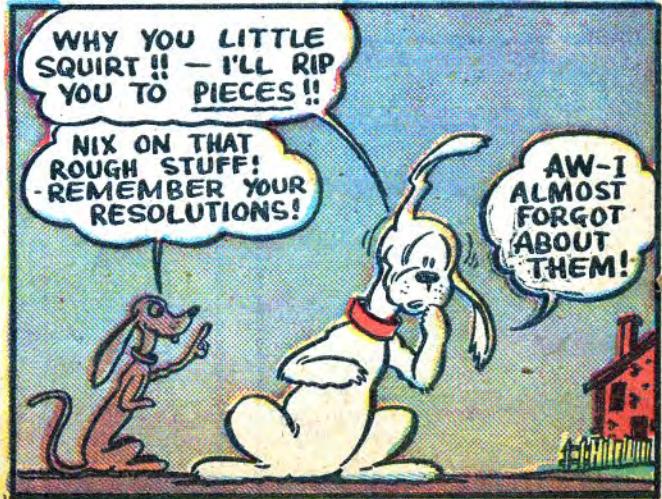
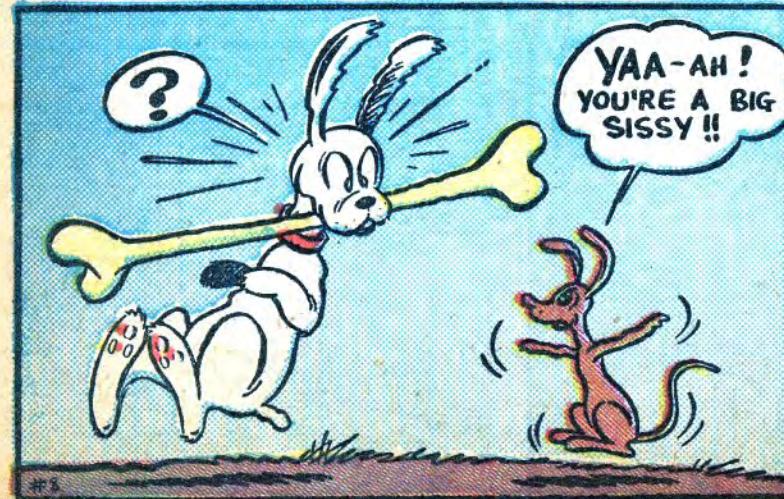
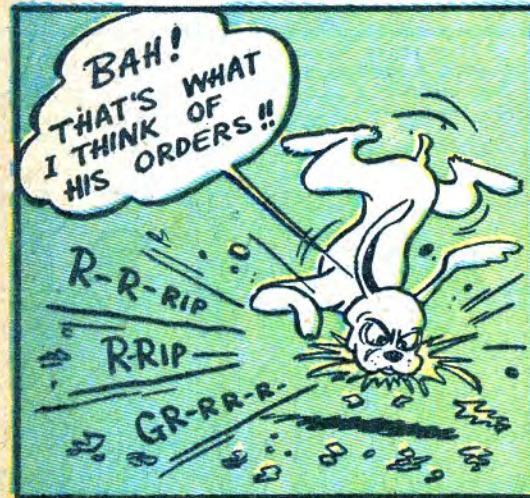
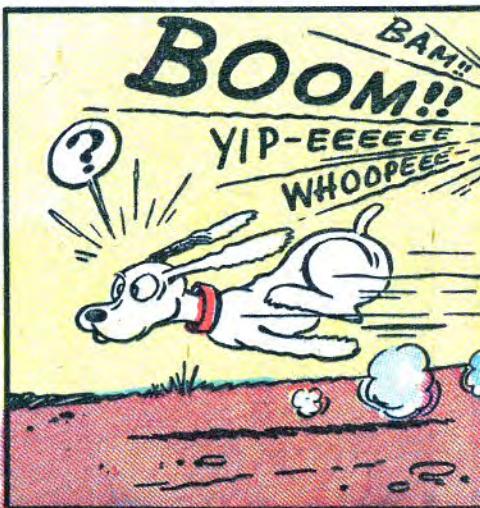


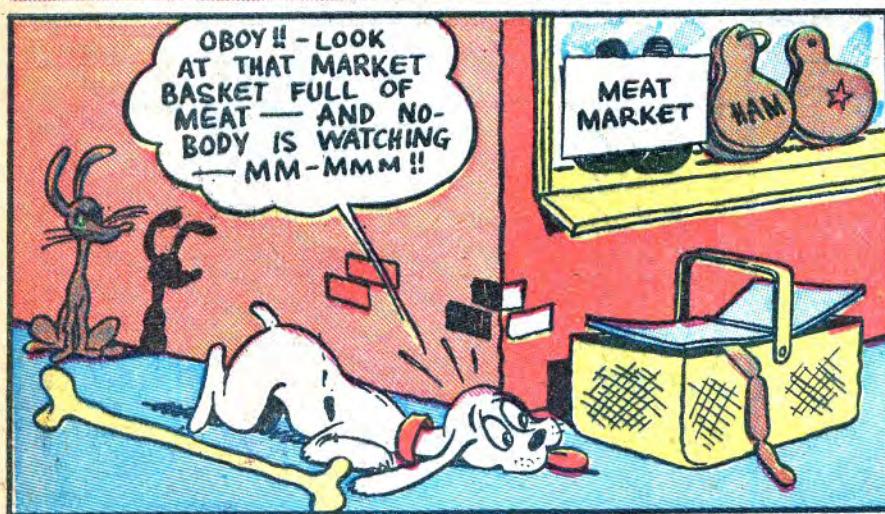
1941 JANUARY 1941

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

MIKE

the
mascot





TOM KERRY

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

BY GENE BAXTER

ON THE OFFICE OF THE METRO JEWEL COMPANY...

HERE ARE THE DIAMONDS, TRAVIS. YOU KNOW THEY ARE PRICELESS. BE CAREFUL OF THEM!

TRUST ME!



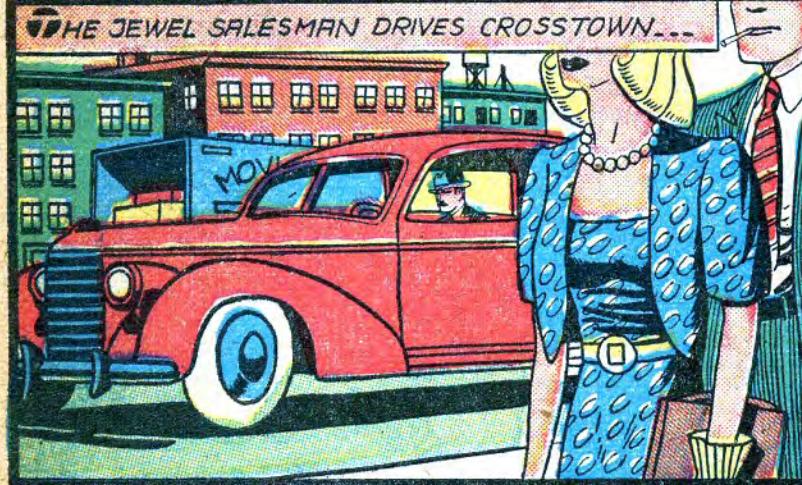
I'LL HAVE THESE OVER TO THE HOTEL FOR THE SMITH'S IN A FEW MINUTES!



IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO GET WHERE I'M GOING!

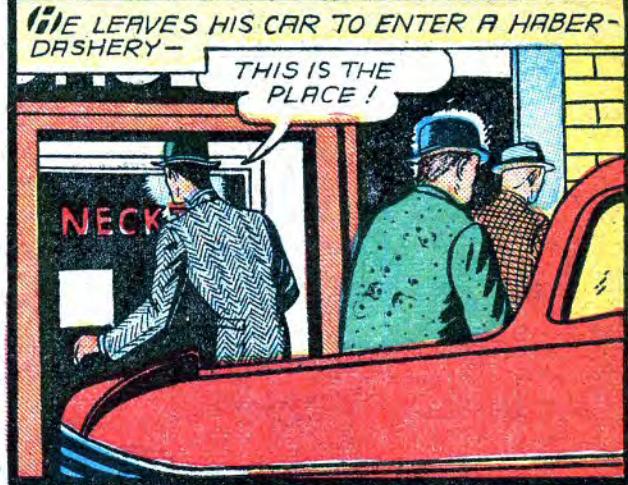


THE JEWEL SALESMAN DRIVES CROSSTOWN....



HE LEAVES HIS CAR TO ENTER A HABER-DASHERY -

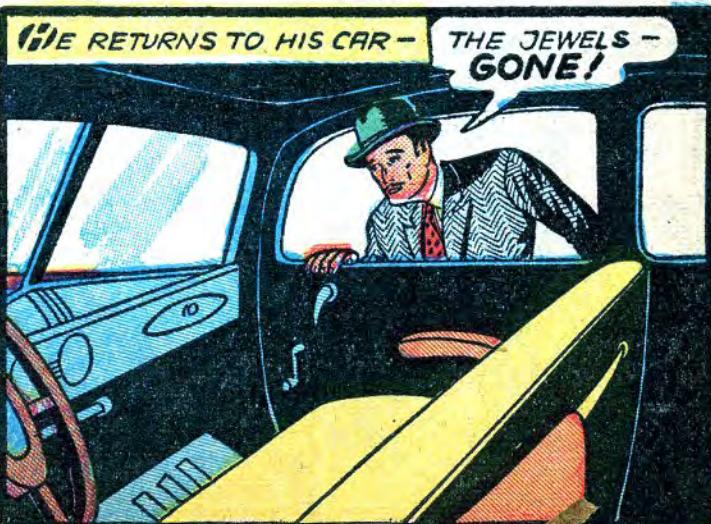
THIS IS THE PLACE!



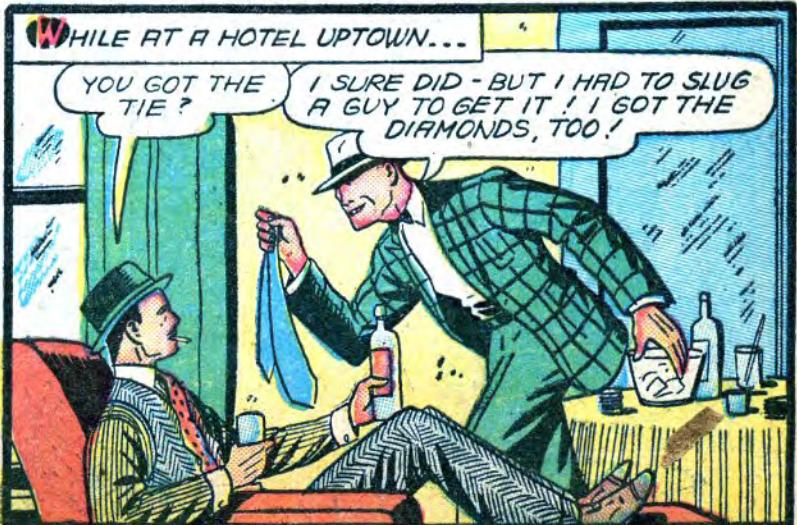
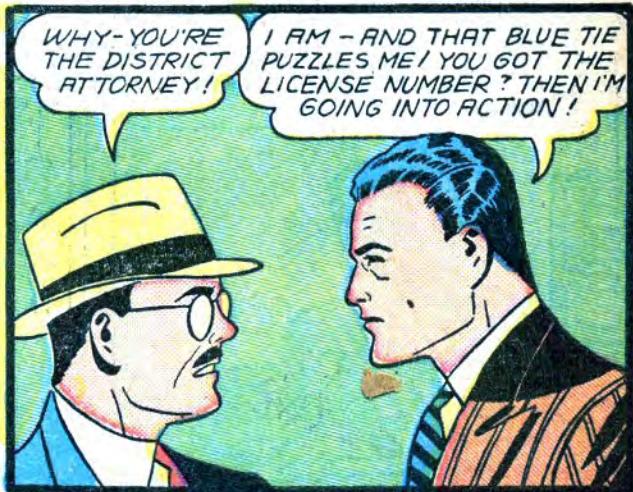
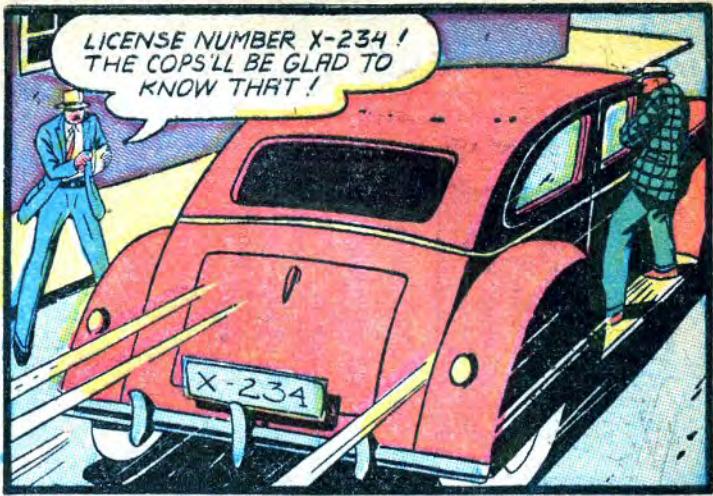
NO, DON'T THINK I'LL TAKE ANY -



HE RETURNS TO HIS CAR - THE JEWELS - GONE!







GREAT IDEA OF YOURS - TELL-
ING ME WHERE TO MEET YOU
AFTER I GOT THE JEWELS -
BY TUCKING A NOTE INTO
THAT TIE!

I COULDN'T GET WORD
TO YOU WITHOUT EN-
DANGERING MYSELF. THE
COPPERS MAY BE WATCH-
ING ME!

ED - C'MERE! I WANT YOU TO RESET
THESE SPARKLERS SO WE CAN SELL
'EM WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!

LET
ME
SEE
THEM!



I'LL SET THESE JEWELS SO YOU
WOULDN'T KNOW THEM
YOURSELF!



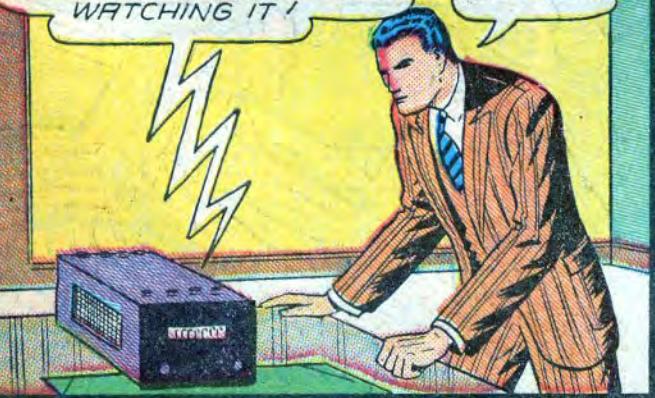
ON THE STREET BELOW...

HMM - X-234! SAY -
THERE'S A CALL OUT
FOR THAT CAR!



CAR X-234 LOCATED IN FRONT
OF THE NETHERMAN HOTEL!
OFFICER DONEGAN ON DUTY,
WATCHING IT!

GOOD! GET
ME A CAR
DETAIL!



POLICE SIRENS SHRILL AS THE RIOT SQUAD
RACES THROUGH TRAFFIC...



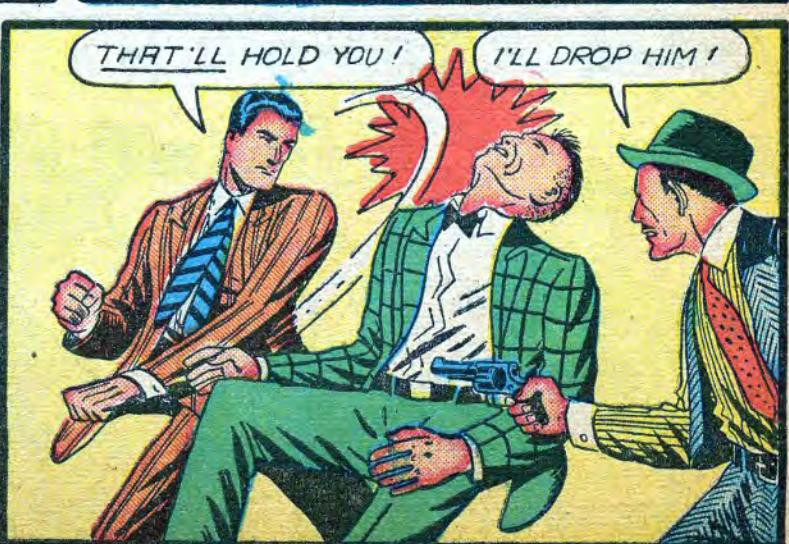
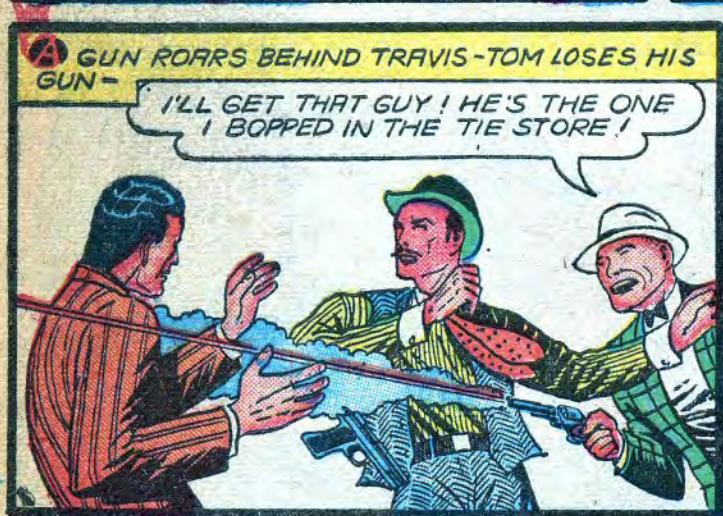
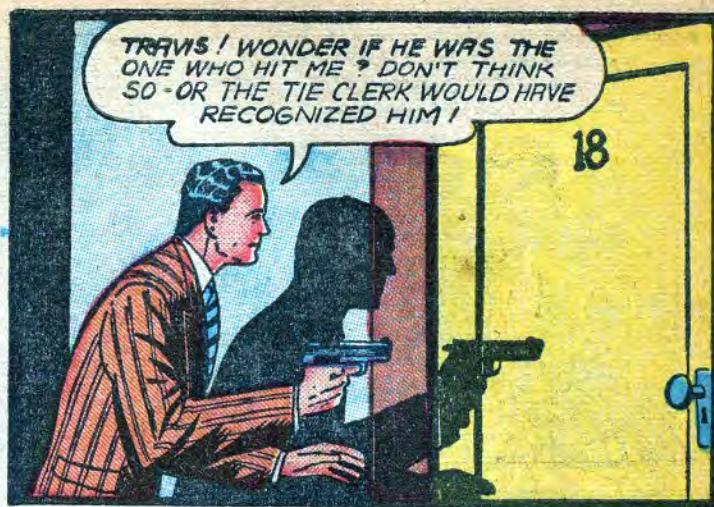
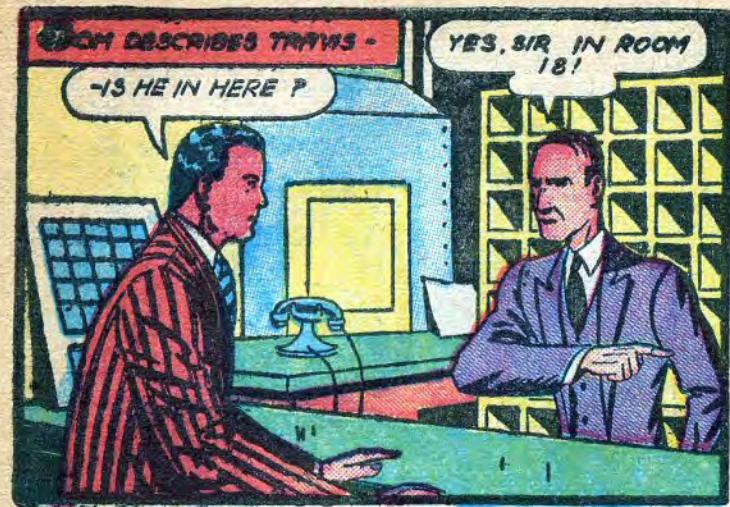
WHOEVER DROVE
THAT CAR IS STILL
INSIDE, MR KERRY!

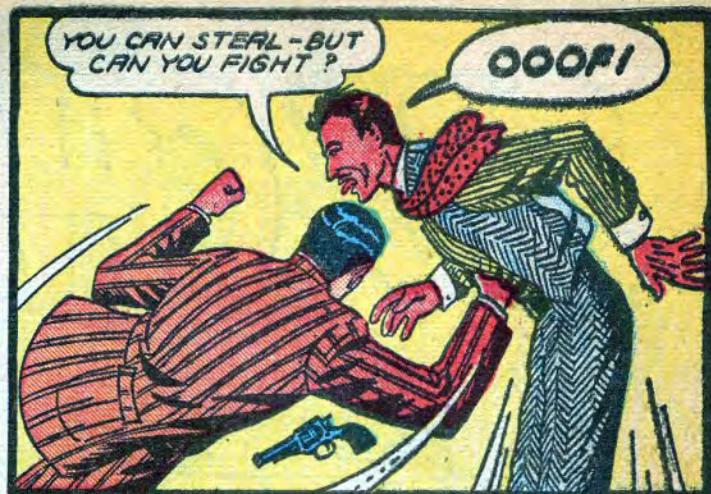
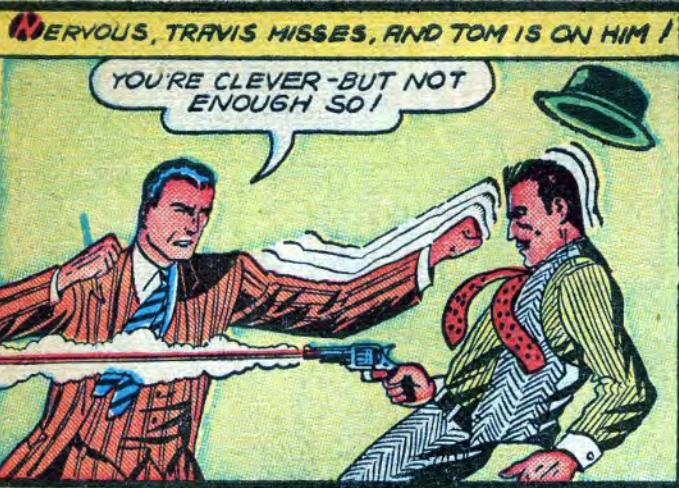
GOOD! HANG AROUND AND
KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT
CAR! DON'T LET ANYONE GO
OFF IN IT!



WATCH ALL THE EXITS! DON'T
LET ANYONE IN OR OUT - UNTIL
I FIND THOSE DIAMONDS!







6

WATCH THIS TWO-FISTED, BATTING DISTRICT ATTORNEY GO AFTER CRIMINALS HE APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN EACH ISSUE OF BIG SHOT COMICS!

THE END

SPY-CHIEF

THE AMERICAS EXPAND THEIR NAVIES! IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE PROGRAM IS THE UNITED STATES — BUILDING HUGE BATTLEWAGONS, CRUISERS AND — SUBMARINES!

A NEW SUBMARINE — THE Z-9 — IS LAUNCHED.

I — NAGDA NORRIS
— CHRISTEN YOU
— Z-9!

THE GIRL'S POCKETBOOK OPENS — AND SOME SHEET MUSIC FALLS AT THE FEET OF JEFF CARDIFF...

I'LL GET IT!

JEFF FROWNS AS HE STARES AT THE MUSIC...

MY MUSICAL SCORE,
PLEASE! AND
THANK YOU —

I THINK I'D LIKE
THIS NUMBER!
WHAT'S THE
NAME OF IT?

IT'S CALLED
'AMERICA FOREVER!'
PATRIOTIC,
ISN'T IT?

IT CERTAINLY IS!
TOO BAD I CAN'T
HEAR YOU PLAY
IT FOR ME!

GOOD-BYE
— AND
GOOD LUCK!

THANK
YOU!

FOLLOW THAT CAR, CABBY
— LET ME KNOW WHERE IT
STOPS AND WHAT THE
YOUNG LADY DOES! I THINK
I'VE A HUNCH ABOUT HER!

RIGHT, BOSS!

JEFF CARDIFF IMMEDIATELY STARTS A PRIVATE INVESTIGATION . . .

THIS LOOKS LIKE A LIKELY PLACE!

NO — WE HAVE NO SONG ENTITLED 'AMERICA FOREVER' — I THINK YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN.

GUESS I AM — THANKS, ANYHOW!

NOW I'M SURE OF MY SUSPICIONS! THAT MUSICAL SCORE WAS A CODE! I'VE SEEN COPIES OF ONES USED IN THE LAST WAR!



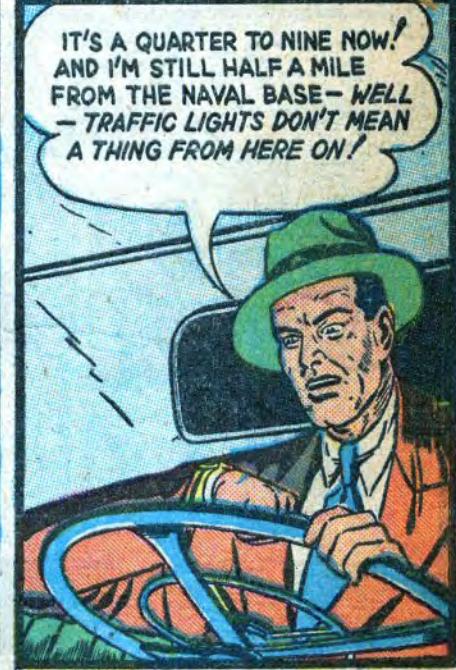
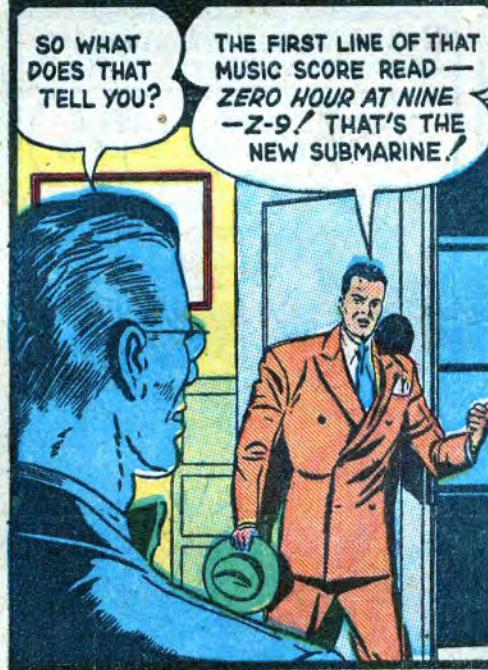
HE VISITS THE CODE ROOM OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION . . .

MUSICAL CODE MESSAGES — HERE IT IS! THAT MUSIC SHEET WAS WRITTEN IN CODE!

SO WHAT DOES THAT TELL YOU?

THE FIRST LINE OF THAT MUSIC SCORE READ — ZERO HOUR AT NINE — Z-9! THAT'S THE NEW SUBMARINE!

IT'S A QUARTER TO NINE NOW! AND I'M STILL HALF A MILE FROM THE NAVAL BASE — WELL — TRAFFIC LIGHTS DON'T MEAN A THING FROM HERE ON!



THE SPY CHIEF LEAVES A TRAIL OF STALLED CARS BEHIND HIM . . .



THE NAVY YARD — AT FIVE MINUTES TO NINE!

WHERE'S THE Z-9? I'M JEFF CARDIFF —

THIS WAY, SIR!







THE ASSASSIN FIRES — JEFF FLINGS HIMSELF SIDWAYS, AND HIS BETRAYER IS KILLED INSTEAD!



JEFF SEARCHES THE HOUSE — AND FINDS THE CELLAR A VAST WORK-ROOM!

I'LL BET BEETHOVEN AND MOZART WOULD TURN IN THEIR GRAVES IF THEY COULD SEE WHAT THOSE GUYS ARE DOING!



WAGDA MAKES A DARING ATTEMPT TO SHOOT HER WAY OUT — BUT JEFF SHOOTS HER GUN AWAY —

DON'T ANYONE ELSE TRY THAT! NEXT TIME, — I AIM FOR THE HEAD!



WARNED BY THE TAXI-DRIVER, THE F.B.I. MAKES A RAID...

JEFF CARDIFF'S IN THERE — DON'T WASTE A SHOT!

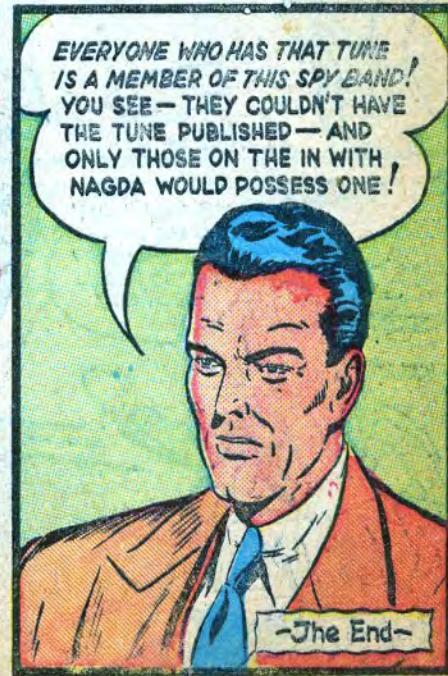


THE GUESTS AT THE PARTY SURRENDER MEKKLY!

WHERE'S CARDIFF?

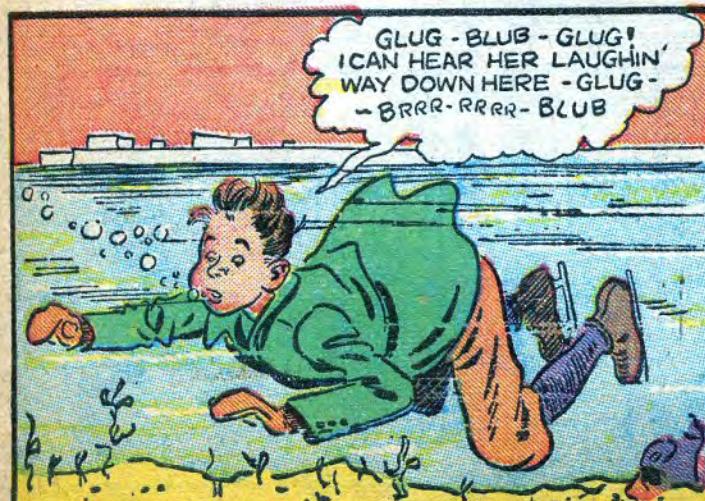
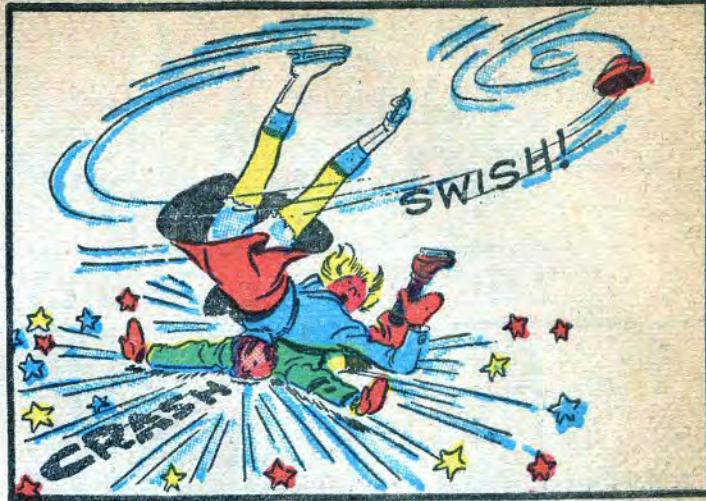
HE WAS HERE — BUT HE ISN'T — LOOK!





Jibby Jones

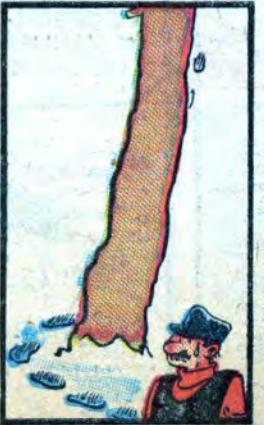
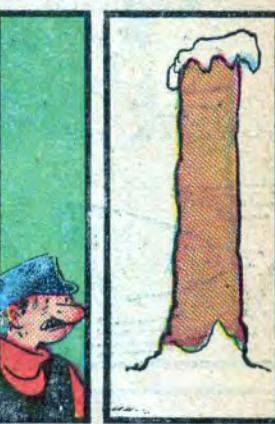
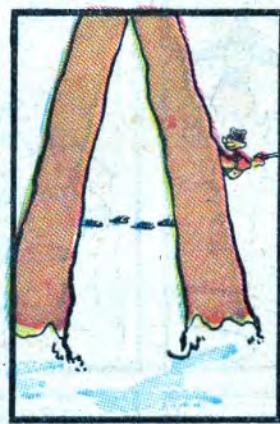
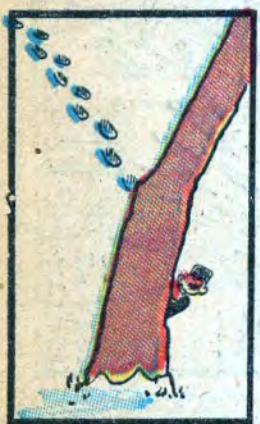
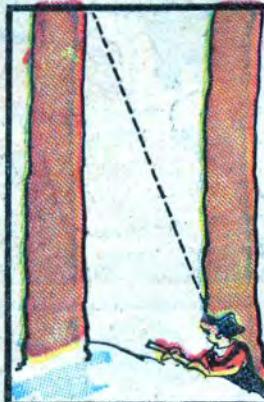
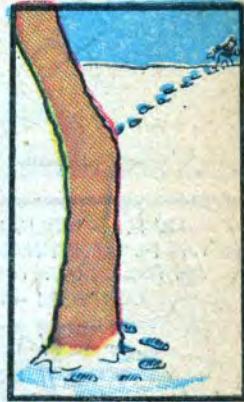
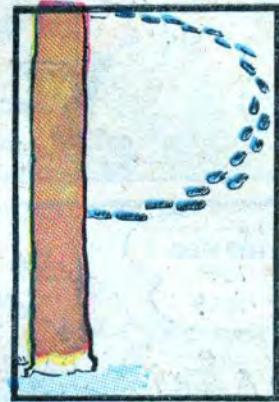
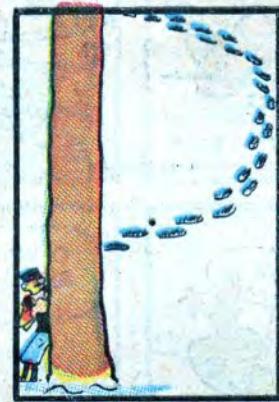
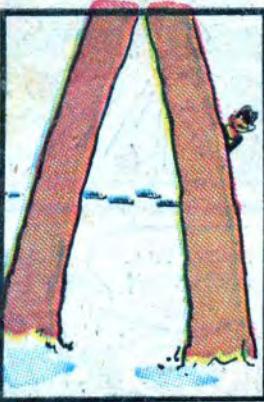
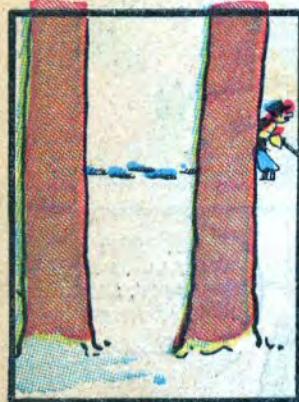






THE BUNGLE FAMILY

By H. J. TUTHILL



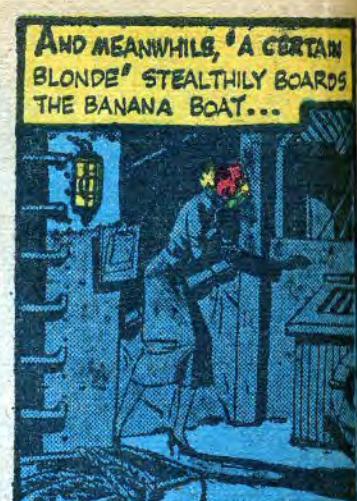
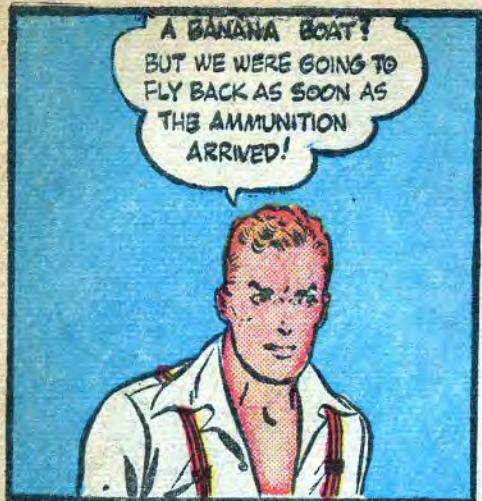


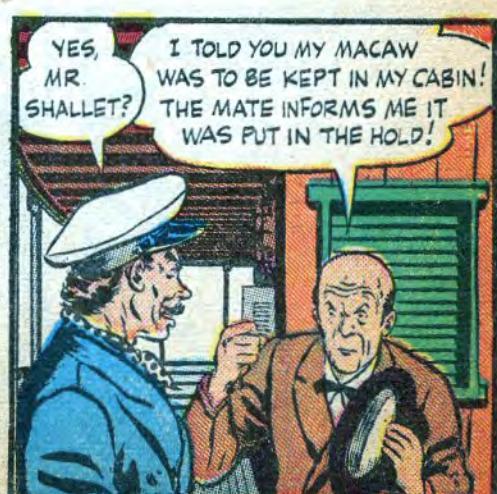
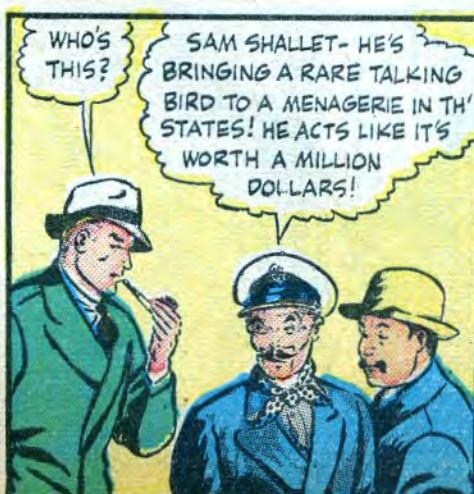
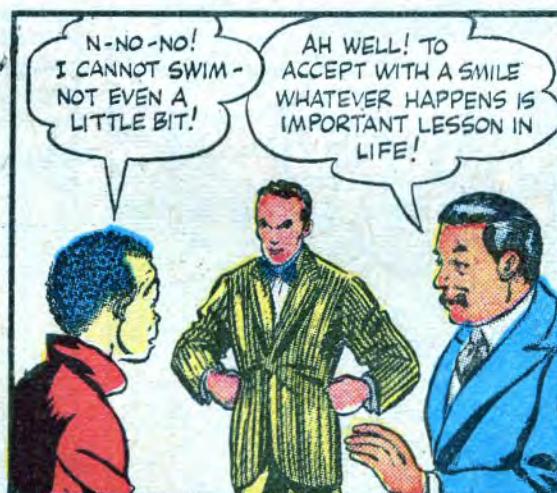
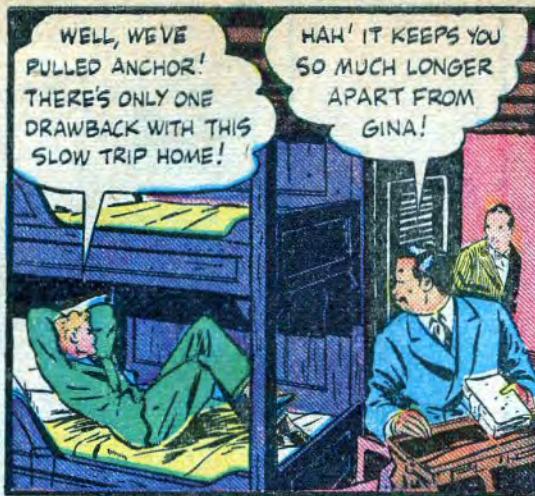
Charlie Chan

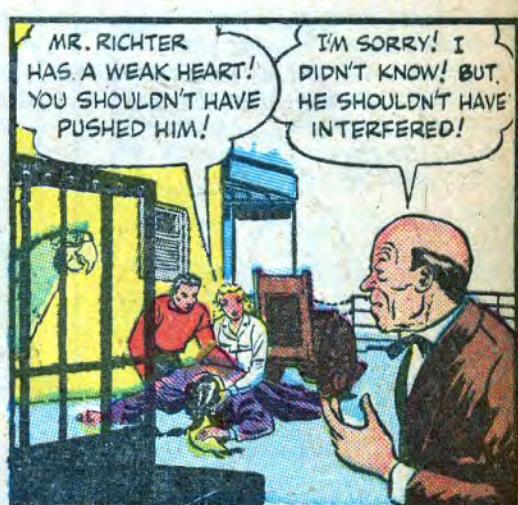
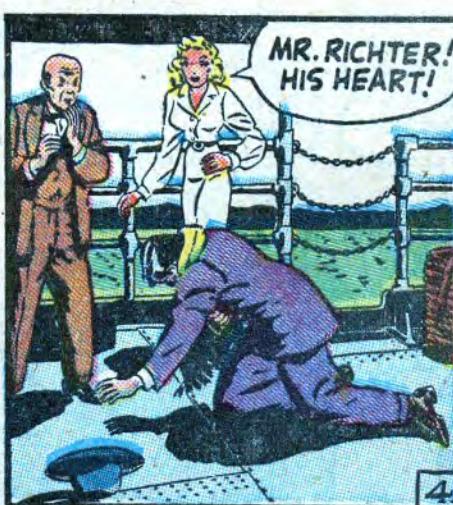
By Alfred ANDROM

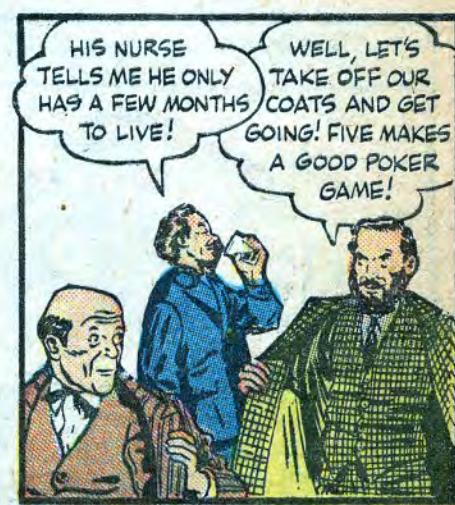
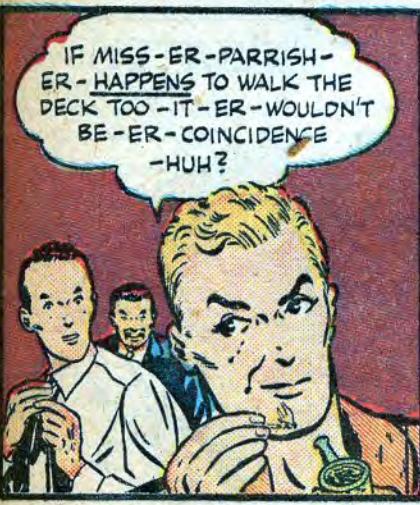
HAVING RESCUED DAVID FROME, WHO HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED, CHARLIE AND KIRK PREPARE TO RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES











ROCKY RYAN

SAILING SOUTHWARD WITH DOE AMES AND HER FATHER, ROCKY IS SETTING OUT TO UNRIDDLE THE SECRET OF THE POLAR SNOWS- THOUSAND OF YEARS AGO THE GREAT ICECAPS WERE WARM AS THE EQUATOR- THEN THE WORLD SHIFTED ON ITS AXIS-AND HUGE ICEBERGS AND MIGHTY MOUNTAINS OF SNOW APPEARED- BUT- WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE AT THAT TIME?

THE AMES CRUISER PLOWS THROUGH ICY COLD WATERS---



THAT IS MOUNT EREBUS, UP AHEAD - WE ARE IN THE ROSS SEA!

WE CAME ON A DIRECT LINE FROM THE CAROLINES!



THE LITTLE GROUP PLANS BIG THINGS---

I'VE SKIS AND SLEDS BELOW, FOR TRAVEL OVER THE SNOWS! WE'LL LAND SOUTH OF MOUNT TERSON, AND TRAVEL SWIFTLY---

BUT WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND, SIR? THE SOUTH POLE HAS BEEN WELL EXPLORER-

I HAD THIS PARCHMENT FROM A SAILOR WHO WAS WITH SCOTT IN 1912! HE TOLD ME A STRANGE TALE! LISTEN-



THE SAILOR'S STORY: "ONE NIGHT HE WAS LOST, ADRIFT IN THE ANTARCTIC SNOWS---

I SEE AN OPENING IN THAT WALL OF ICE, AHEAD - IF I CAN MAKE IT - I'LL BE SAFE FROM THE STORM ---



NOW TO SLEEP AND GET BACK MY STRENGTH!



"BUT AS HE SLEPT, STRANGE FORMS APPROACHED FROM INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN"

A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD!
TAKE HIM BELOW TO THE RULERS!

OUR MOST ANCIENT LEGENDS TOLD OF WHITE PEOPLE! BUT WE THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL DEAD!



"WHEN THE SAILOR REVIVED - HE LOOKED ON A QUEER, GLASS-ENCLOSED CITY - "

I-I'M DEAD-OR DREAMING! THERE AIN'T NO PLACE LIKE THAT -- ANYWHERE!



FRIGHTENED, HE FLED AWAY!
BUT BEFORE HE WENT -
HE SAW THAT THE METAL
CLOTHING, OF THE ODD
PEOPLE, WAS GOLD!

THEY MUST
HAVE A LOT
OF IT, TO WEAR
IT AS CLOTHES



OUTSIDE THE SHIP'S BRIDGE, A SAILOR
OVERHEARS THE WORD "GOLD"

GOLD! AN' I THOUGHT OLD AMES WAS
JUST A SCIENTIST! WAIT'LL BLACK BILL
HEARS ABOUT THIS!



-AN' HE SAID THERE
WAS PLENTY GOLD
THERE, TOO!

DON'T SAY A WORD
-LEAVE IT TO ME!
WE'LL WAIT'LL WE
GET THE GOLD ON
BOARD - THEN
MUTINY!



YOU'LL DO ALL THE WORK, ROCKY RYAN - AND
BLACK BILL BONNER'LL TAKE THE GOLD! HA-HA



THERE'S MOUNT
TERSON! HERE'S WHERE
OUR WORK BEGINS!

I'M READY! I WAS
GETTING TOO LAZY,
LOAFING AROUND
ON BOARD SHIP!

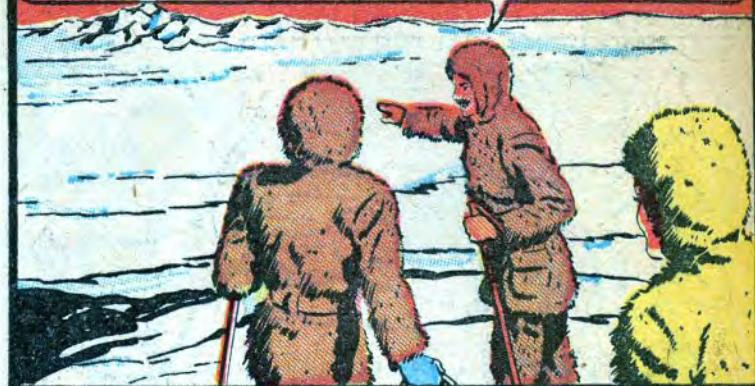


INTO THE ANTARCTIC WASTES, GO
THE THREE ADVENTURERS ---

IT'S EASY TO DRAG THIS
SLED ALONG THE ICE!

I SEE FATHER
WAVING TO US
UP AHEAD --

THAT'S THE CLENCHED FIST GROUP OF MOUNTAINS
THE SAILOR TOLD ABOUT! HIS CAVE IS IN ONE OF
THOSE!



DAY FOLLOWS DAY OF FUTILE SEARCHING

NO USE! LIKE HUNTING A NEEDLE IN A
HAYSTACK! GUESS I'LL GO BACK TO CAMP!



BUT AS HE
TURNS, HIS
SKIS SLIP
AND HE
FALLS
SIDeways,
INTO A
PILE OF
SNOW—
THE SNOW
CRUMPLES—
AND HE
GAZES
INTO A
SMALL,
WARM, CAVE

IT'S IT! WE'VE FOUND
IT! HOE! MR. AMES!



THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT! AND TO THINK
YOU MIGHT HAVE PASSED IT BY,
IF YOU HADN'T SLIPPED!

IT WAS
A CLOSE
CALL!

NOTICE HOW
IT'S GROWING
WARMER?

THAT RED LIGHT AHEAD—
LIKE THE ONES THE QUEER
PEOPLE CARRIED! LOOK!



A GAS TORCH, THAT RADIATES LIGHT AND
HEAT! IT MUST BE SOME NEW SECRET
OF BURNING GASES!



THE ADVENTURERS ARE SUDDENLY
CONFRONTED BY A GUARD ---

HALT!

HE SPEAKS
ENGLISH!



CERTAINLY I SPEAK ENGLISH! I KNOW EVERY LANGUAGE ON THE GLOBE—THROUGH RADIO! YOU PEOPLE ARE AMERICANS—SO FOLLOW ME!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT!



THAT IS POLA, THE CITY OF THE ANCIENT ONES! OUR CULTURE IS HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD! WE THOUGHT ALL OTHER LIFE WAS DESTROYED—BUT WHEN WE DISCOVERED THE RADIO, HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO—AND COULD HEAR VOICES—WE KNEW DIFFERENTLY!



RADIO, HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO? HOW COULD YOU HEAR ANYTHING WITHOUT A BROADCASTING STATION?

WE USED A VERY SHORT WAVE LENGTH—THE SOUND WAVES, IN FACT, THAT NEVER DIE! OUR POWER GENERATORS BUILT UP THEIR STRENGTH



STEP INTO OUR BIMOBILE! I WILL EXPLAIN AFTER YOU HAVE SEEN THE RULERS!

THE RULERS! THAT IS WHAT SCARED THE SAILOR!



THE RULERS OF ANCIENT POLA

HOW OLD—
YET
HOW WISE!

WHY NOT, MY CHILDREN? I AM TEN THOUSAND YEARS OLD! WE DISCOVERED HOW TO PROLONG LIFE, EVEN BEFORE THE EARTH-SPIN, THAT MADE OUR GAY COUNTRY, A THING OF ICE AN' SNOW



WE WERE HAPPY HERE WHEN THE EARTH ATMOSPHERE BEGAN TO CHANGE! OUR SCIENTISTS BUILT A GLASS-DOMED CITY! WE SELECTED THE BEST SPECIMENS OF OUR RACE AND RETIRED HERE! THAT WAS MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!

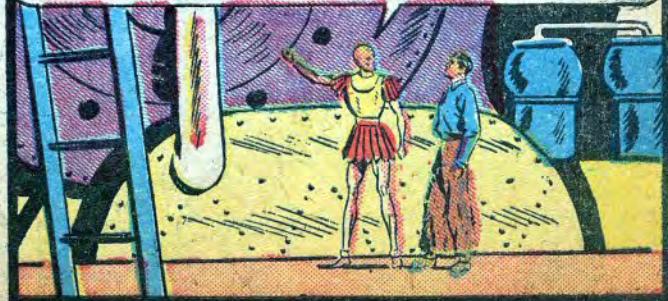


I WILL SHOW YOU ABOUT POLA! THE RULERS HAVE GIVEN ME PERMISSION!

I DIDN'T HEAR THEM—
BUT MAYBE THEY GAVE YOU A SIGNAL, EH?



THEY USED THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE! BUT ENOUGH OF THAT—THIS IS A MACHINE THAT GENERATES ARTIFICIAL SUNSHINE! WE KEEP OURSELVES WARM AND GET ENOUGH SOLAR ENERGY FROM IT TO RUN OUR INDUSTRIES!



MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE CRUISER ---

THEY'RE GOING AFTER GOLD!
GOLD, I TELL YA! WHY LET 'EM
HIDE IT AND FOOL US? LET'S GO
AFTER THEM OURSELVES!

BUT HOW DO
WE KNOW
WHERE THEY
WENT?

I COPIED THIS FROM OLD MAN AMES,
WHILE HE SLEPT! I KNOW HOW TO
GET TO THIS BURIED CITY! LET'S GO!



THE RUFFIANS SET OUT ACROSS THE SNOWS,
ARMED TO THE TEETH--

WE'LL GET ENOUGH GOLD TO MAKE US WEALTHY
FOR LIFE! AND WE'LL SLIT THE AMES'
THROAT - AND RYAN'S TOO!



BACK IN POLA---

WHY-
IT'S GOLD!

FUNNY-BACK WHERE WE CAME
FROM, MEN WOULD CUT EACH OTHER'S
THROATS, FOR ALL THAT METAL!

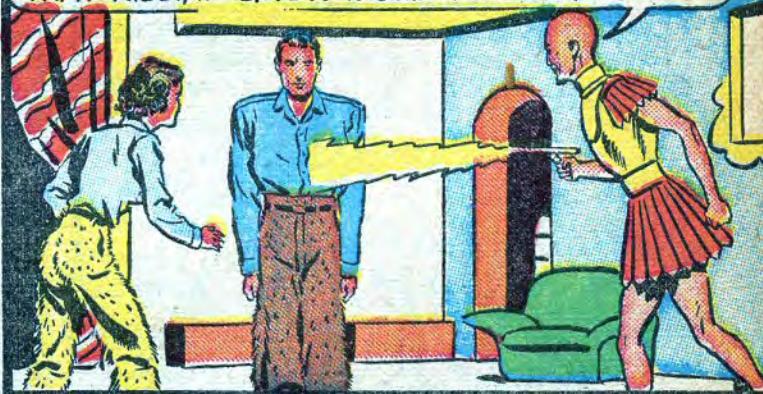


THEN TAKE IT AS A
GIFT! WE HAVE MORE
HERE THAN WE KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITH!

BUT SUPPOSE EVIL
MEN COME - AND
TRY TO TAKE IT
AWAY FROM YOU?



THIS - I DEMONSTRATE! - WILL STOP THE MOST
FEROCIOUS OF THEM! IT IS A PARALYSIS RAY-
THAT KILLS, IF GIVEN MORE POWER!



IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, DOE! BUT
I SURE WAS PARALYSED!

OH - I WAS
SO WORRIED!

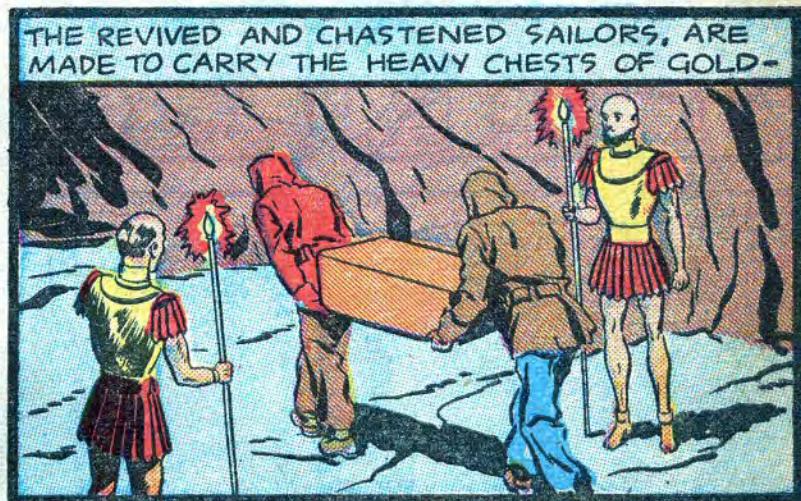
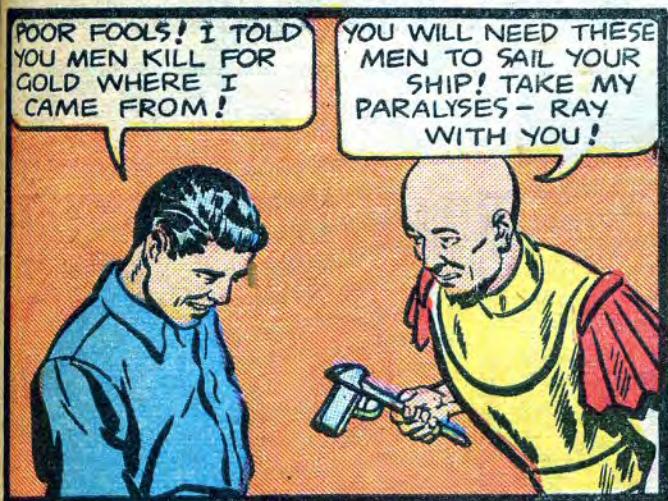
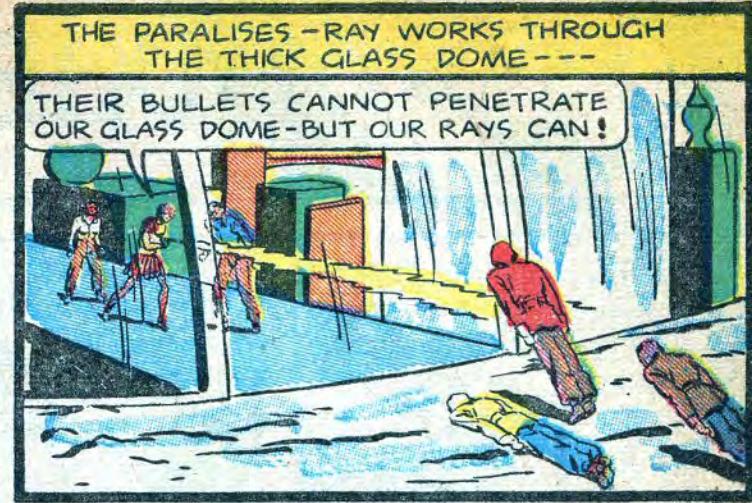


YOUR FATHER WILL
HAVE BEEN TALKING
TO OUR SCIENTISTS!
WE HAD BETTER
MEET HIM--LISTEN!

ROCKY-
IT
SOUNDS
LIKE-

GUNSHOTS! IT
IS! SOMEBODY'S
ATTACKING
POLA!



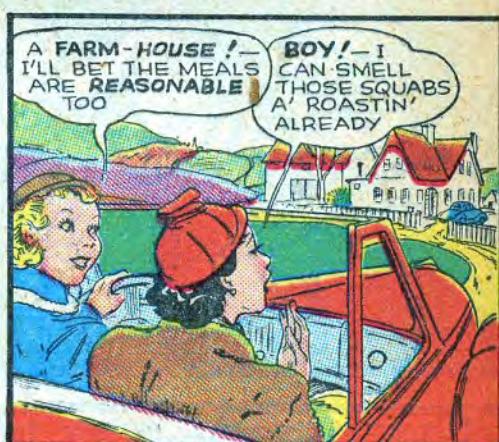
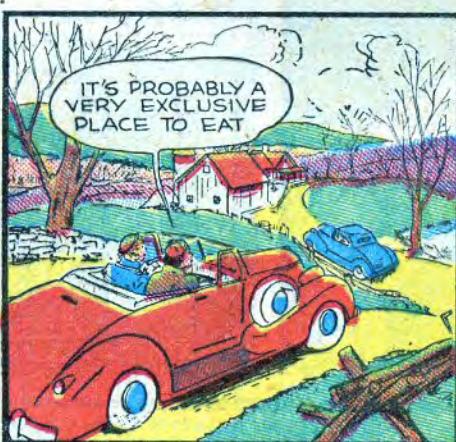
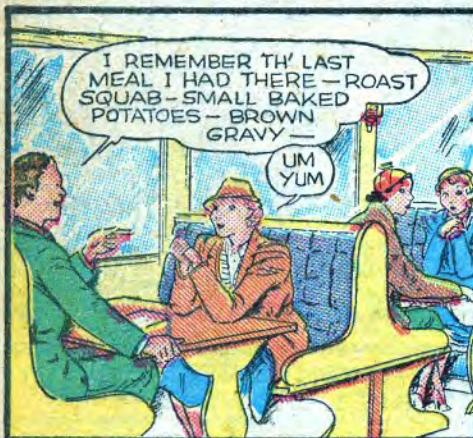


WATCH
FOR
ANOTHER
THRILLING
ROCKY
RYAN
ADVENTURE
FEATURED
EACH
MONTH IN
**BIG
SHOT
COMICS**



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





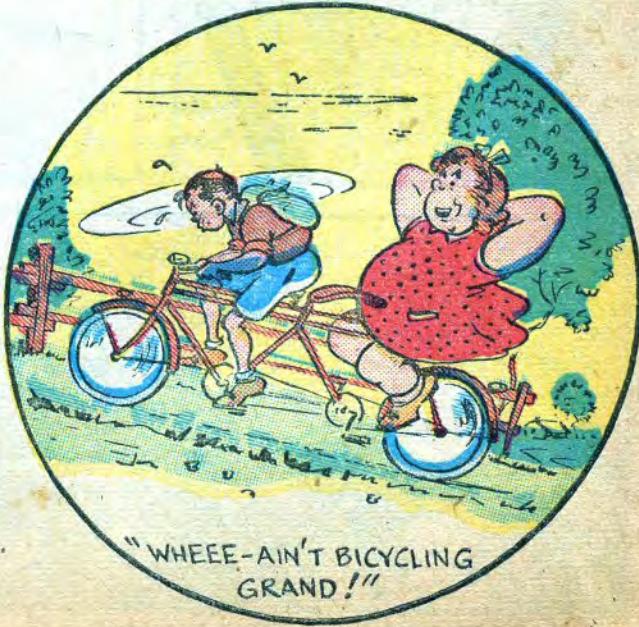
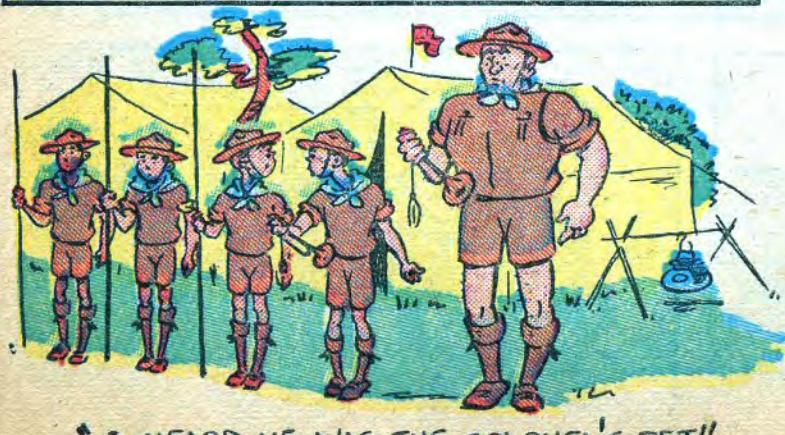
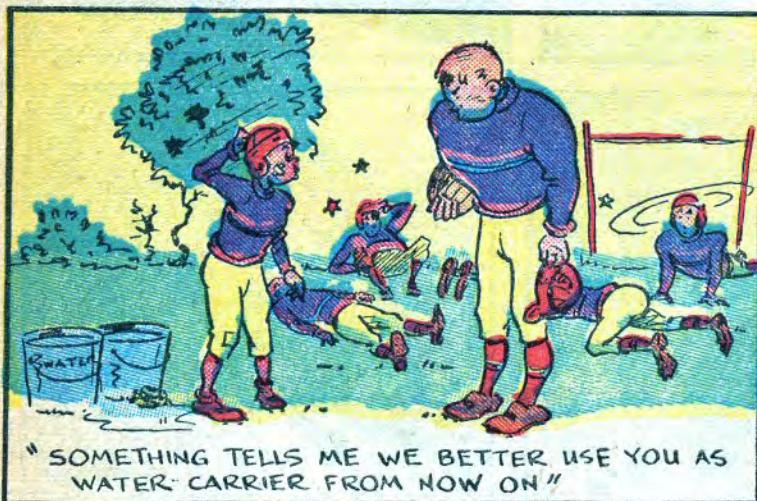
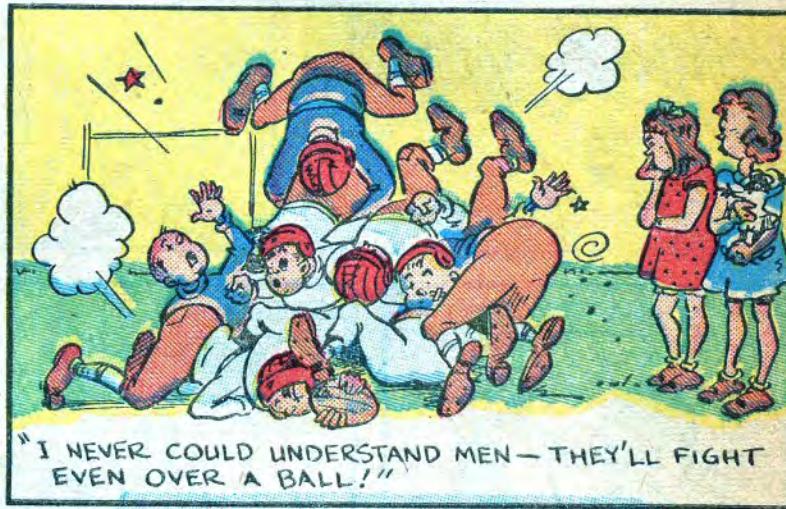
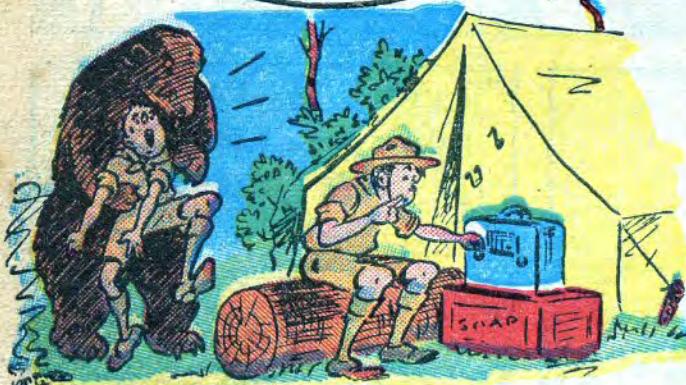
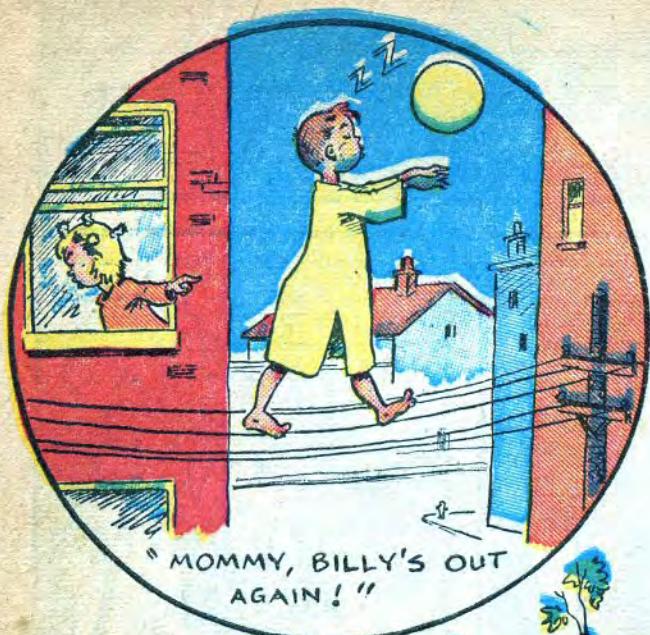
DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



KID STUFF

by ALBERT CHARTIER



FILM FLASHES

WHEN **DICK POWELL** CAME TO HOLLYWOOD THE FIRST MOVIE STAR HE MET WAS **JOAN BLONDELL** HE COULD HARDLY SPEAK TO HER BECAUSE HE WAS SO NERVOUS AND EXCITED — NOW THEY ARE MARRIED!



BRUCE CABOT ONCE WAS FIRED FROM A JOB BECAUSE HE KNOCKED OUT HIS BOSS. HE WAS HIRED AS A SPARRING PARTNER!

FLAKED CARROTS ARE NOW USED IN THE MOVIES TO MAKE SNOW! FOR MANY YEARS CHOPPED UP CHICKEN FEATHERS, POWDERED GYPSUM, AND CORNFLAKES WERE USED!



MICKY ROONEY IS THE NO. 1 BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION IN THE MOVIES. BE-SIDES BEING AN ACTOR HE CAN WRITE SONGS, PLAY THE VIOLIN, CLARINET, DRUMS, SAXOPHONE, GUITAR AND THE PIANO — AND IS AN EXPERT IN TENNIS, BOWLING AND BILLIARDS!



WESTERN COWBOY PICTURES ARE STILL TOPS. ITS THE FAST ACTION "HORSE OPERAS" THAT PAY THE BILLS FOR MANY OF THE UNPROFITABLE EPICS!



MARVELO

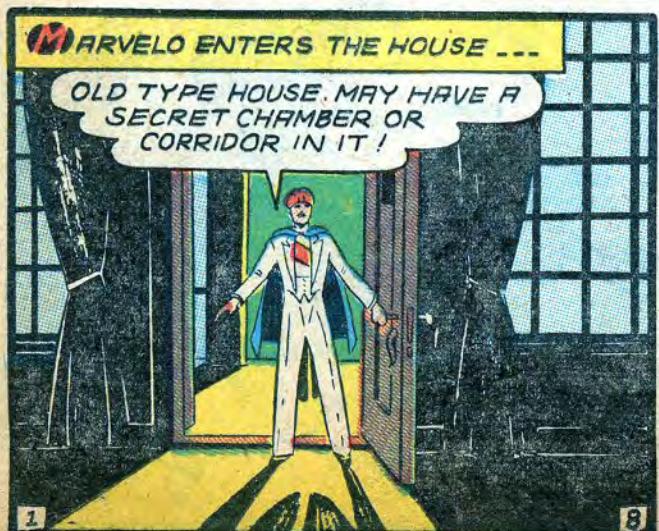
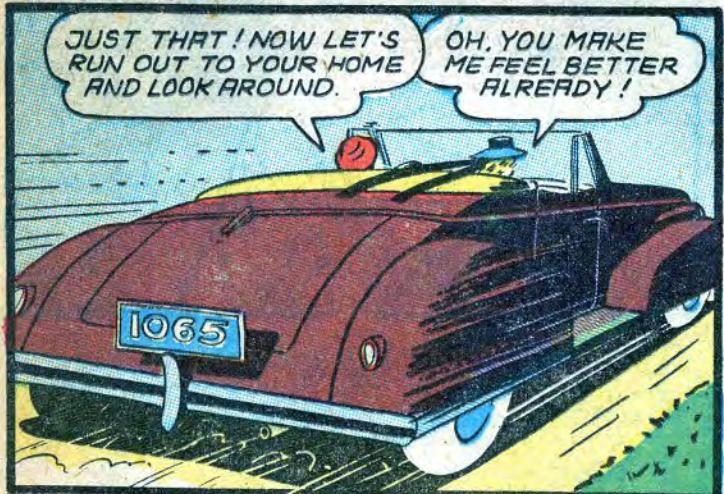
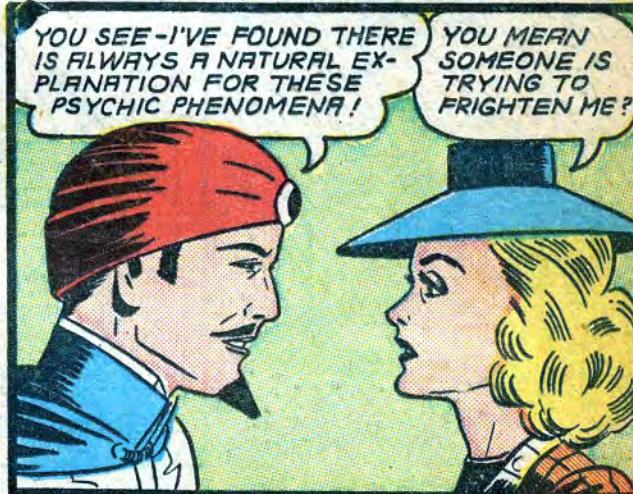
MONARCH OF MAGICIANS

BY FRED GUARDINEER

MARVELO ? I MUST
HAVE YOUR HELP
AT ONCE !

CALM YOURSELF -
AND TELL ME ABOUT
YOUR TROUBLES.

ONE AFTERNOON A VISITOR
CALLS ON MARVELO...



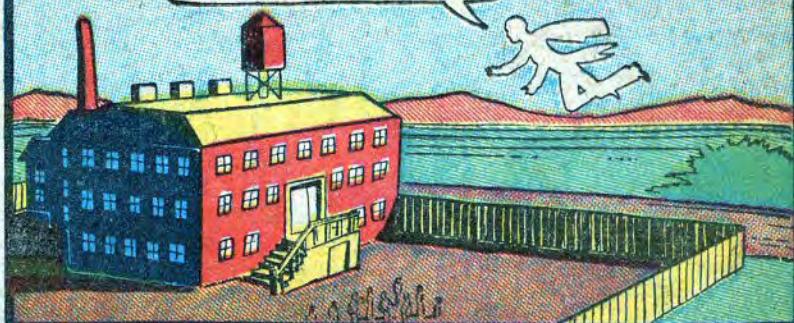
THE IRON BECOMES PEPPERMINT CANDY!

I THINK I'VE A TREAT IN
STORE FOR SOMEONE!
KALORA!



MARVELO SEEKS THOSE WHO LIKE CANDY-CHILDREN!

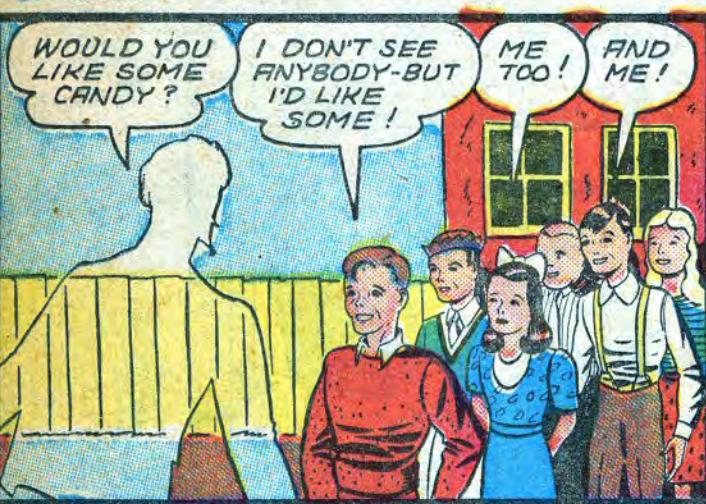
IN SPIRIT FORM NO BARS CAN HOLD ME!
I CAN-AH, THERE'S THE STATE
ORPHAN ASYLUM!



WOULD YOU
LIKE SOME
CANDY?

I DON'T SEE
ANYBODY-BUT
I'D LIKE
SOME!

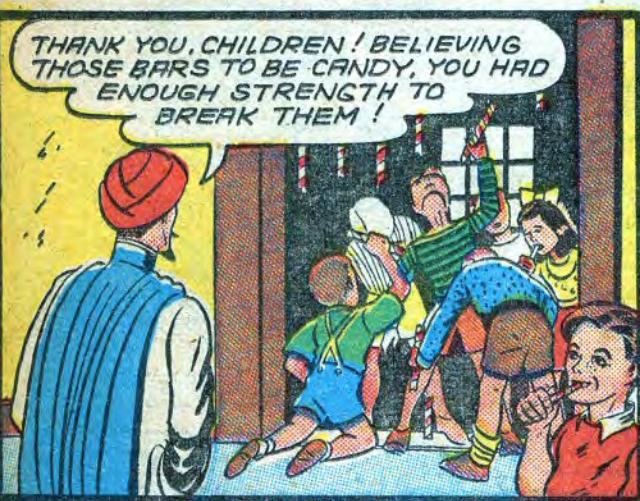
ME
TOO!
AND
ME!



THEN COME ALONG-I'M
SURE WE'LL FIND SOME!



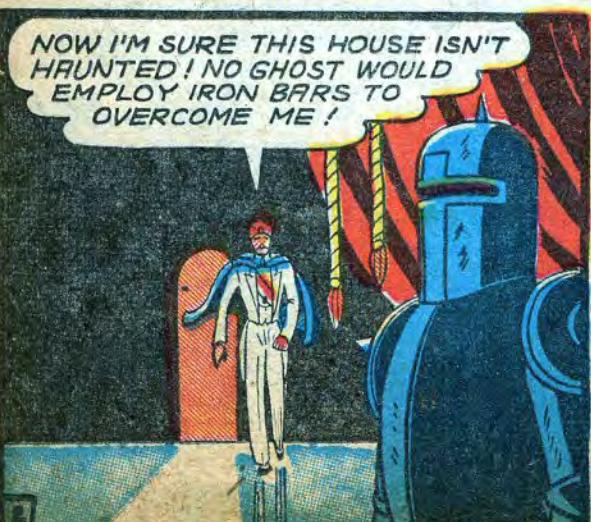
THANK YOU, CHILDREN! BELIEVING
THOSE BARS TO BE CANDY, YOU HAD
ENOUGH STRENGTH TO
BREAK THEM!



BACK TO YOUR HOME -WITH
YOUR CANDY -YOU GO!
KALORA!



NOW I'M SURE THIS HOUSE ISN'T
HAUNTED! NO GHOST WOULD
EMPLOY IRON BARS TO
OVERCOME ME!

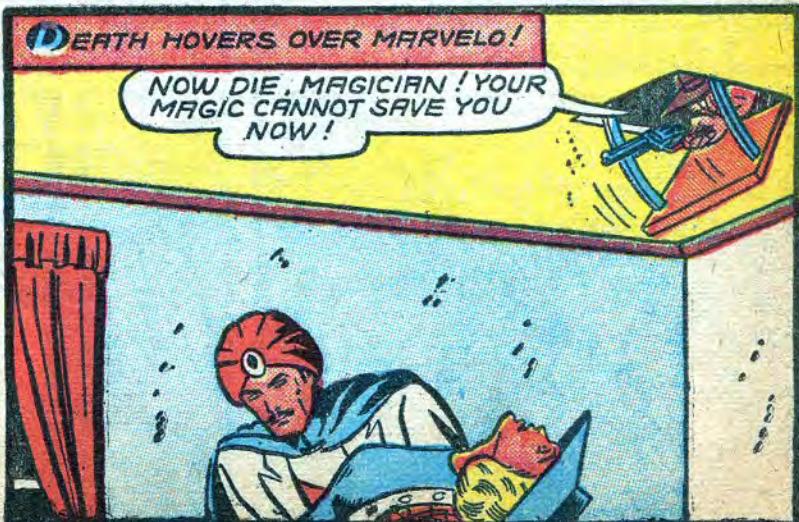


A HEAD OF HIM MARVELO SEES A SPIRIT!

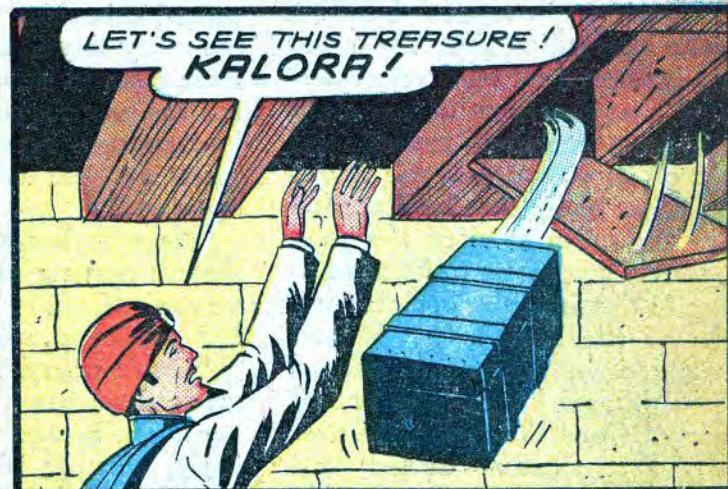
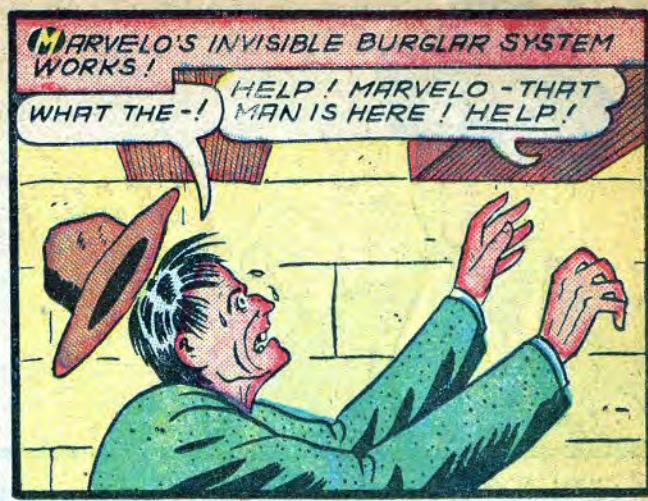
THE GHOST HIMSELF! PERHAPS-
KALORA!











-THE END-

MARVELO will amaze and mystify you by his feats of magic every month in **BIG SHOT COMICS!**



The Face's Hi-Jacking Episode

by

Michael Blake

THE deep-throated bell in the nearby insurance building broke the stillness of the night and informed all who were interested that the hour of midnight had been reached, paused and sent on its way to join the countless other hours that had receded into the misty void of the past. A startling contrast to its appearance in daytime, the business section of the great city was now shrouded in somber blackness. Tiny, pin-pricks of streetlamps barely lighted the canon-like avenues that twisted, turned and crossed in a fashion comparable to the outlines of an intricate jigsaw puzzle.

High in the tower of a sky-scraping office building a light from within cut a panel of gleaming yellow in the otherwise black, window-studded face of the structure. In the room itself sat two men, one behind a polished desk of expensive appointments; the other lounged comfortably in a large leather chair, his feet resting with utter composure on the edge of the desk.

"Well, Bill, everything seems to be rolling along on schedule," said the man in the leather chair. "Dutch and Zack left at ten o'clock with the truck and they just 'phoned me fifteen minutes ago they were at Plainsville."

The man called Bill tilted his chair back of the desk and smiled with great satisfaction. "That's fine . . . very fine! They know, of course, that they're to let the Circle Silk Company's truck pass through the town before they jump it?"

"They have their instructions and they know exactly what to do," replied the other, casually

lighting a thick cigar. "They've pulled this same type of job for me many times. Dutch and Zack have been in this racket with me for the past six years and they've had enough experience to know when to hold off and when to open up!"

"Nevertheless, this is big money they're playing around with and we can't afford to have any slips!" Bill cautioned.

"Don't worry, if any slips are made the other fellows will make 'em!" the second man said assuringly, shifting his shoulder-holster and revolver to make himself the more comfortable.

At that moment, had these two gentlemen been the proud owners of X-ray eyes, they might have observed the figure of a man immaculately clad in evening dress crouching outside the door leading to their office. And as the figure turned and placed his ear against the key hole their X-ray visions, seeing the facial expression on the listener, would undoubtedly have caused them to gasp in horror and fear. But fortunately, or otherwise, the gift of a penetrating sight was not given them nor could they see the green, death-like color of the eaves-dropper's face nor his bared fangs and hollow, staring eyes. In fact, they were totally unaware that the Face, strange and mysterious avenger of crime and injustice, had observed and listened to their entire conversation.

"This has been most interesting and enlightening," murmured the Face as he pondered over the remarks of the two men in the office. "Hi-jacking silk trucks is a very precarious but nevertheless

less lucrative business . . . if one gets away with it!"

Once again the voice of one of the men drifted through the key hole. "What time is the Circle Company's truck due to pass Plainsville?"

"In about another hour," came the reply of the other man.

With a grunt of satisfaction and a terse "That's all I want to know!" the Face arose and noiselessly made his way to the fire exit of the building. In less than three minutes he was outside on the sidewalk, hustling over to his powerful roadster parked by the curb. He slipped the gear into first and the glistening, black car shot away with a surge of power.

The minute hand had traveled halfway around his wrist watch when the Face rolled by a weather-beaten sign that marked the outskirts of Plainsville. Apparently the greater portion of the small town was lost in deep slumber, for the only sign of life on the main street emanated from a restaurant about three blocks away. A few autos were parked in front of the yellow-lighted eating emporium and on the opposite side of the street stood a huge truck.

"Evidently it belongs to Dutch and Zack," the Face thought as his eyes swiftly absorbed the layout before him. "And while they're inside shoveling food into their stomachs, I'll just park my little four-wheeled friend and make myself comfortable in their vehicle."

He pulled his car into a dark, narrow street, shut off the motor and glided into the driver's compartment of the empty truck. Back of the seat two small doors

opened into the black interior of the truck itself and in two seconds the *Face* scaled the leather seat, melting into the gloom. A period of about ten minutes elapsed before two burly men, obviously the oft-mentioned Dutch and Zack sauntered across the street and stepped up into the driver's section.

"The Circle's truck should be rollin' along in a few minutes, Zack," said Dutch, as he started the truck's engine and drove it ponderously towards the east end of the town. They rolled along for approximately a quarter of a mile, halted and then backed into a dirt road almost completely hidden by shrubbery and overhanging leaves. Dutch shut the motor off and lit a cigarette; and only when he turned to speak to Zack did he notice the terrified expression on his companion's countenance. Instinctively, he swung around and found himself within a few inches of what looked like a nightmare.

"Fer cryin' out loud . . ." he whispered hoarsely, but a gleaming automatic in the *Face's* hand commanded silence.

"The truck you intend to hi-jack will be along in a few minutes," said the *Face* grimly, "and I want you boys to carry out your orders just as you were instructed. However, there will be no bloodshed . . . unless you fail to keep in mind that I'll be watching you most carefully. Understand?"

Dutch and Zack gulped and nodded their blanched faces; and

at that moment the sound of an approaching truck seemed to strengthen their reflexes. Dutch stepped on the self-starter and putting the engine in gear, drove straight out into the middle of the roadway and completely blocked it. From out of the night the twin headlights of the approaching Circle Silk Company's truck twinkled and grew brighter. Within a half minute screeching brakes brought it to a halt. Two men leaped from the driver's section and advancing toward the blocking vehicle, angrily demanded the reason for the obstruction. With a lack of enthusiasm not ordinarily associated with hi-jackers and those who procure a livelihood by means of force, Dutch and Zack waved their automatics beneath the noses of the astonished drivers.

A mocking smile played around the corners of the *Face's* mouth as he realized the feeling of uneasiness Dutch and Zack must have experienced, knowing that their gleaming weapons had been previously emptied of their bullets. But they acted their parts fairly convincingly and in an amazingly short period of time, both the drivers of the halted truck had been trussed securely and the valuable bolts of silk had been transferred to the hi-jackers' truck.

"A very neat little job," the *Face* remarked as Dutch and Zack climbed back into the driver's compartment. "And now I want you to drive to that restaurant you left not so long ago and 'phone your boss in the city that something's gone wrong and that you want him to meet you here in Plainsville as soon as possible!"

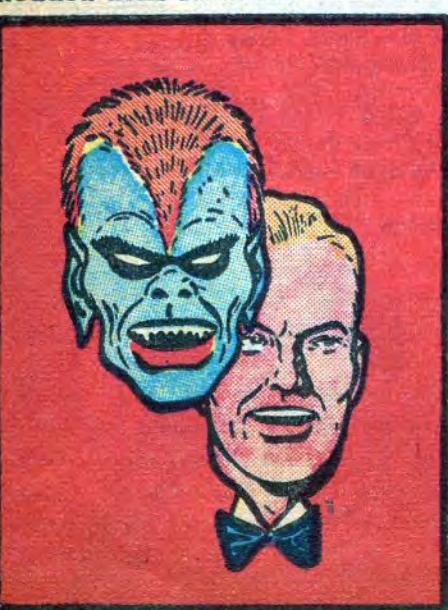
Dutch did as he was commanded and relayed the message, under the menacing surveillance of the *Face's* automatic, to the men in the skyscraper office building. In less than an hour's time, the limousine bearing Dutch and Zack's bosses roared into sight and pulled up beside the parked truck. The expressions of surprise melting into anger that registered on the newcomers' countenances as they were greeted by the *Face* would

have done justice to the cleverest of Hollywood's character actors. But the *Face* at that particular moment wasn't interested in any display of histrionics and herded all the four men into the rear of the truck. He then locked the doors, settled behind the wheel and drove the truck straight to the nearest Police Precinct in the city.



On his noonday program, the following day, Tony Trent, popular news commentator on radio station WBSC, broadcast this startling item: "The Sergeant in the 14th Police Precinct received a surprise 'phone call last night from that mysterious character who calls himself the *Face*. . . . I say a 'surprise' call, because the Sergeant was informed that if he went to the front of the building he would discover a large truck parked by the curb. And in the truck he would find four men who, in the somewhat hazardous business of hi-jacking during the past five or six years, had become quite affluent in that illegal profession. Also in the truck, the Sergeant was advised, he would find the evidence of the gang's latest endeavor, consisting of numerous bolts of silk which they had just hi-jacked from one of the Circle Silk Company's trucks. Needless to say, the Sergeant lost no time in ascertaining the truth of the 'phone call. And once again, the forces of Law are indebted to the fantastic *Face* for his assistance in curbing crime and bringing the lawless to Justice!"

—The End—



The FACE

by MICHAEL BLAKE



WHEN HE PLACES THE RUBBEROID MASK OF THE FACE OVER HIS FEATURES, YOUNG TONY TRENT, YOUNG RADIO COMMENTATOR OF STATION WBSC, BECOMES THE NEMESIS OF EVIL! GRIM AND TERRIBLE OF ASPECT, HE RANGES THE CITY — OVERCOMING CRIME AND CRIMINALS!



ON HIS WAY TO RADIO STATION WBSC, TONY MEETS WITH MOTOR TROUBLE...

FUNNY — I HAD THE CAR OVERHAULED ONLY YESTERDAY!



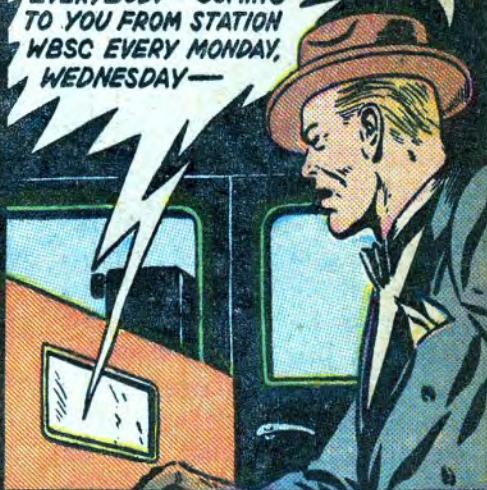
I'VE GOT TO TAKE A TAXI — I'LL BE LATE FOR MY BROADCAST UNLESS I DO!



BUT INSIDE THE TAXI — TONY HEARS HIMSELF BROADCASTING!

WELL, I'LL BE —

THIS IS TONY TRENT, EVERYBODY — COMING TO YOU FROM STATION WBSC EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY —



SOMEBODY'S IMPERSONATING ME — I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO IT IS!

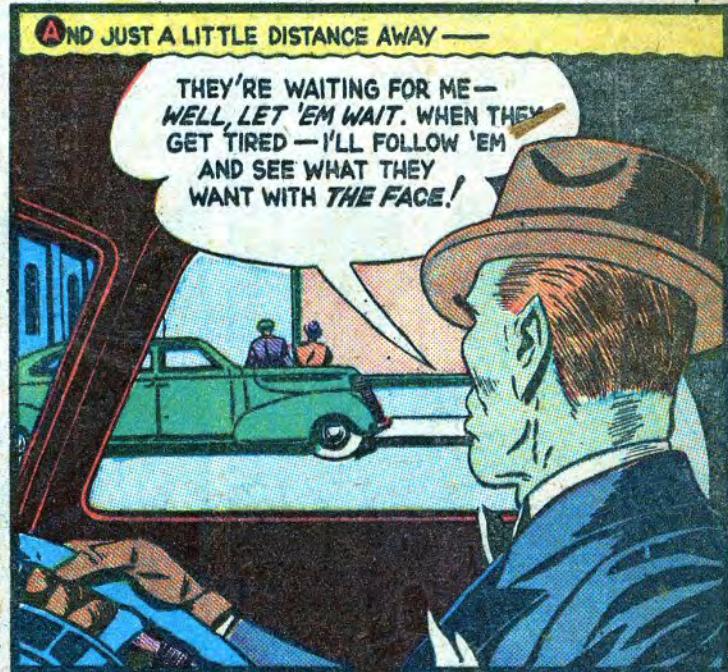


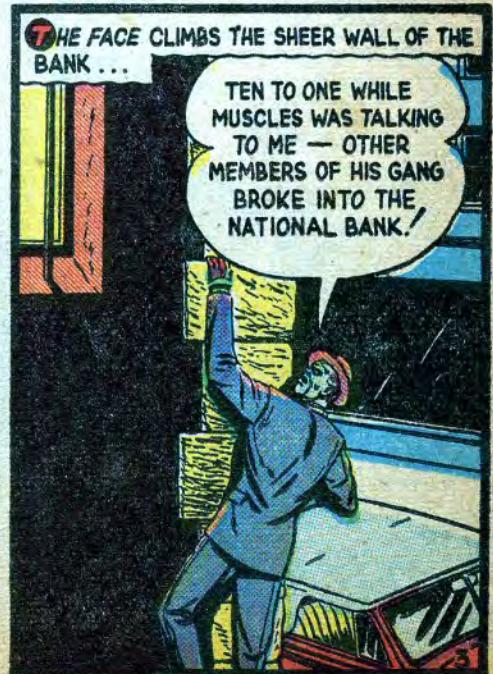
TONY REVIVES HIS SECRETARY, BABS WALSH...

TONY! SOME GANGSTERS CAME IN — BOUND ME — AND BROADCAST TO THE FACE — THAT THEY WERE GOING TO ROB A BANK! THEY DARED, HIM TO STOP THEM!

WHA-AT!







THOUGHT SO!
THERE THEY ARE!
OPENING THE VAULT!

THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK...

THOSE COPS
WERE
EASY!

YEAH, ALL WE HAD
TO DO WAS GIVE
'EM A LITTLE
SLEEPING GAS!

AND MUSCLES GOT
THE FACE
OUTTA THE WAY—

IMAGINE—THE FACE
HANGIN' AROUND
MUSCLES AN' THE
REST OF THE GANG
— WHILE WE
ROB THE BANK!

AS THEY LEAVE—THEY DROP A REPLICA OF THE FACE'S
RUBBEROID MASK!

THIS AIN'T THE REAL
THING—BUT IT'LL
FOOL THE COPPERS!

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!
HAPPY HUNTING, I PRESUME?

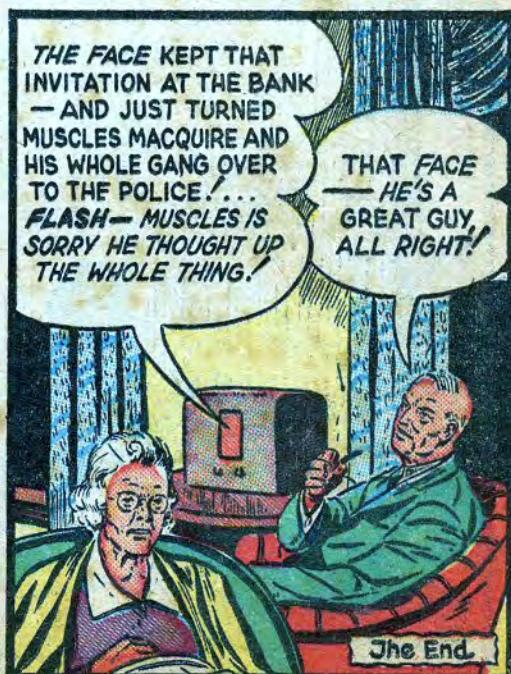
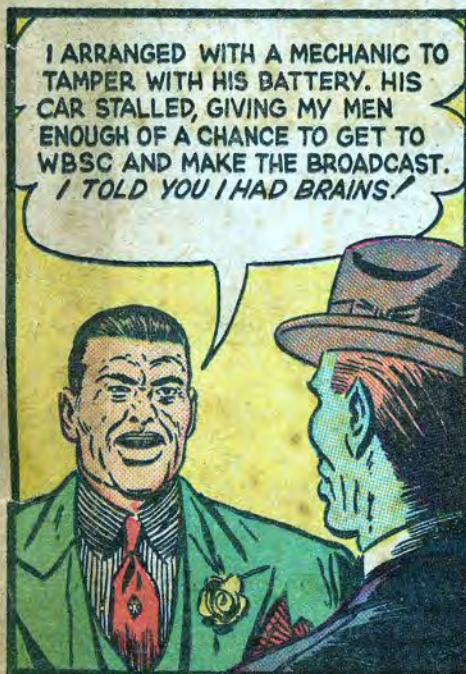
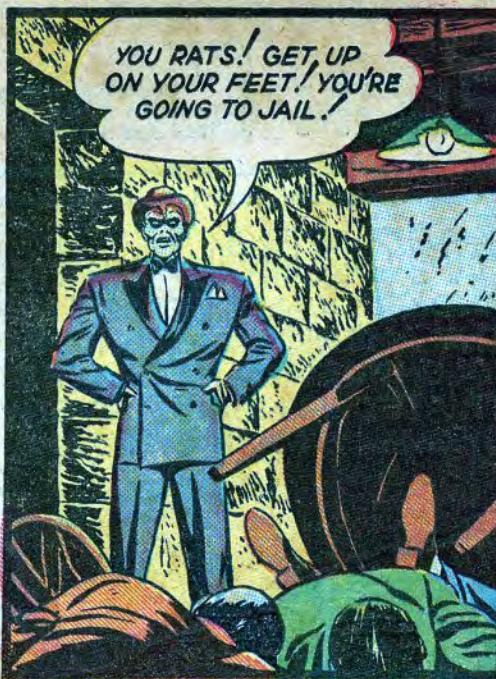
THE
FACE!

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!
AND I DON'T LIKE
CROOKS WHO PLAY WITH
MY REPUTATION!

AND YOU BOYS—BY TRYING
TO HAVE ME BLAMED FOR
THE ROBBERY—SURE
TOOK LIBERTIES!

THIS IS A POOR DUPLICATE
OF MY FACE—BUT IT
MIGHT HAVE FOOLED THE
COPS! NOW FOR MUSCLES!





ODDITIES FROM HERE'N THERE

SMOKING

STARTED AS A RELIGIOUS RITE AND GRADUALLY BECAME A SOCIAL HABIT AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS. SINCE ITS DISCOVERY BY COLUMBUS AND HIS SUCCESSORS TOBACCO IS CULTIVATED IN NEARLY EVERY COUNTRY AND IS USED BY EVERY RACE OF MAN!

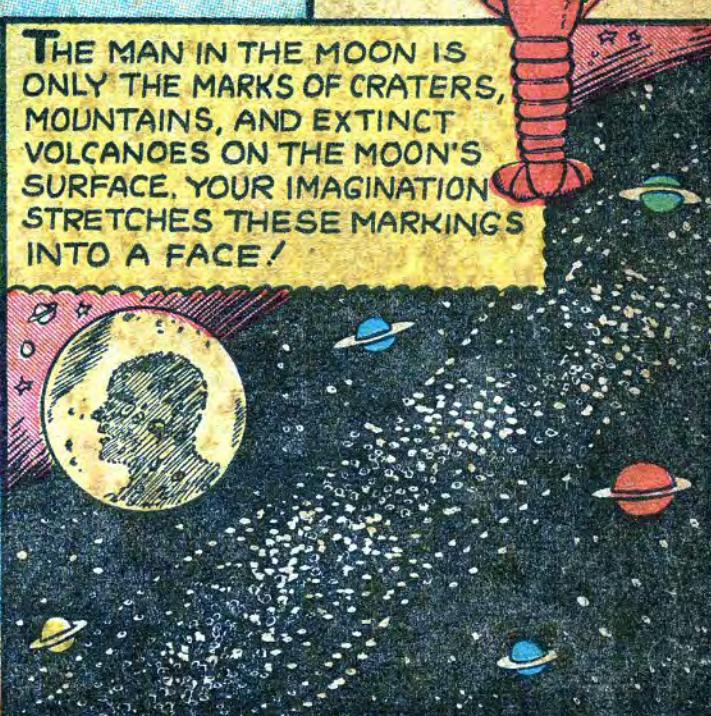


MANY OF THE DESIGNS IN AN ORIENTAL RUG TELL A STORY AND THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE MEANINGS OF THE SYMBOLS USED IN MANY RUGS!

BEE	- IMMORTALITY
BOAT	- SERENE SPIRIT
CROCODILE	- DEITY
DOVE	- LOVE
FEATHER	- TRUTH
LIZARD	- WISDOM
WHEEL	- DEITY
LION	- POWER
JUG	- KNOWLEDGE
OX	- PATIENCE
HAWK	- POWER
LEOPARD	- FAME
SWORD	- FORCE
SERPENT	- DESIRE
OWL	- WISDOM
PIG	- KINDNESS



THE MAN IN THE MOON IS ONLY THE MARKS OF CRATERS, MOUNTAINS, AND EXTINCT VOLCANOES ON THE MOON'S SURFACE. YOUR IMAGINATION STRETCHES THESE MARKINGS INTO A FACE!



THE "MILKY WAY" IS A LUMINOUS CIRCLE GOING COMPLETELY AROUND THE HEAVENS. IT IS PRODUCED BY MYRIADS OF STARS!

A BIG FULL COLOR PICTURE OF SKYMAN SUITABLE FOR FRAMING!

The SKYMAN

AMERICA'S
NATIONAL
HERO!



THE WING

Gordially
The
Skyman

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for a year for only \$1.00.
Take advantage of it—fill in
the coupon, enclose your
\$1.00 and mail it in right
away!"